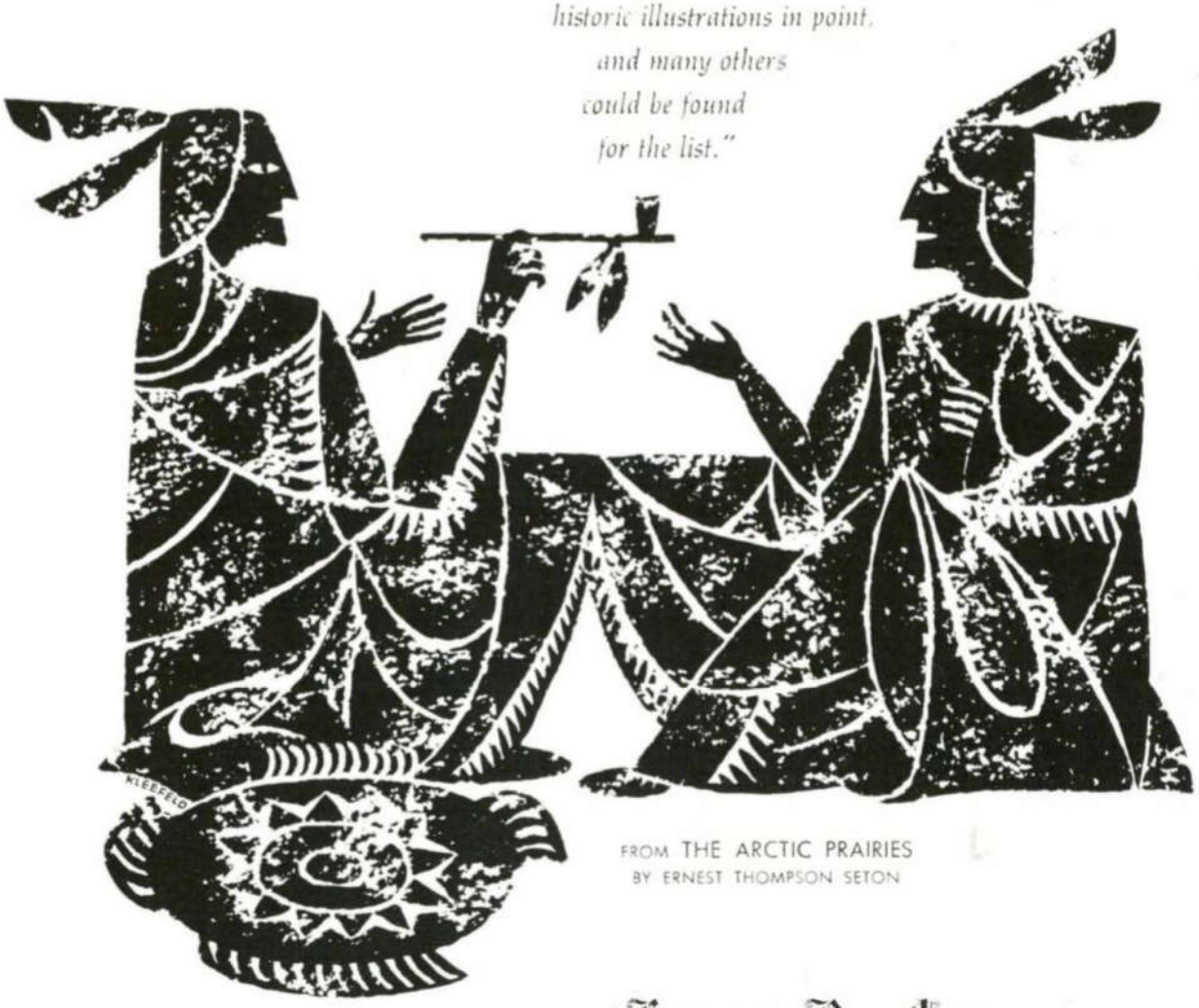
The Beaver

SUMMER 1960

" At all times
it has stood for peace,
and one hears
over and over again
that such and such tribes
were deadly enemies,
but the Company insisted
on their smoking
the peace pipe.
The Sioux and Ojibway,
Black-Foot and Assiniboine,
Dog-Rib and Copper-Knife,
Beaver and Chipewyan,
all offer
historic illustrations in point,
and many others
could be found
for the list."



FROM THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES
BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Hudson's Bay Company.

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

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A young rough-legged hawk (*Buteo lagopus*), a large hawk that nests in the Canadian Arctic. Photographed on the Belcher Islands by John McEachern.

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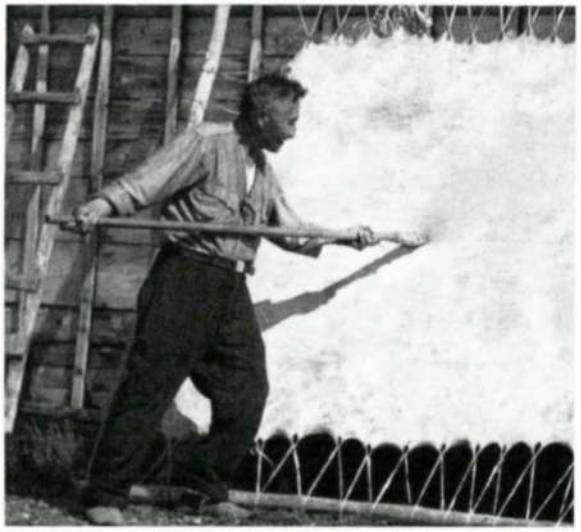
THE MEETING OF THE WAYS

BY DOUGLAS LEECHMAN

Copper Joe's cabin in the Yukon in 1945, unoccupied since his death. National Museum



A Tlingit Indian in the Yukon using a stone skin-scraper on a hide. National Museum

IT'S not likely that you ever met Copper Joe. He was a Kutchin Indian who lived on the south shore of Kluane Lake in the Yukon. He died, I believe, about 1944 and may have been sixty-five or seventy years old. He was a young man when the great gold rush surged into the Yukon, but he saw few white men till 1904 when a smaller rush to Kluane brought them in.

When he was born Copper Joe's people were living in the stone age. Even today some of them prefer stone skin-scrapers to steel ones, and Joe himself used to make tools from chipped stone and from the nuggets of native copper found in the local stream beds. When the Alaska Highway drove its path along the lake shore, Copper Joe found he could augment his income by making copper knives, arrowheads, and other objects for sale as souvenirs to construction workers, soldiers, and tourists, and that was how he got the name of Copper Joe.

His son, whose name I never learned, did not live in the stone age. Far from it. He drove a caterpillar tractor on the Highway. From the stone age to the incredibly complex life of today in one generation is a transition so sudden as to seem almost impossible of accomplishment. Yet that is the transition that we are asking all our Canadian Indians to make, not so rapidly of course, but still we expect them to achieve in, say three hundred years, what it took us more like ten thousand years to accomplish.

It was on the Atlantic seaboard that the first contact between white men and Canadian Indians took place. Precisely when, we do not know. There is a good deal of evidence that it may have been long before Cartier's first voyage of 1534, and many believe that Basque and other fishermen worked the Grand Banks, coming ashore for water and fresh meat, even before Cabot's voyage of 1497.

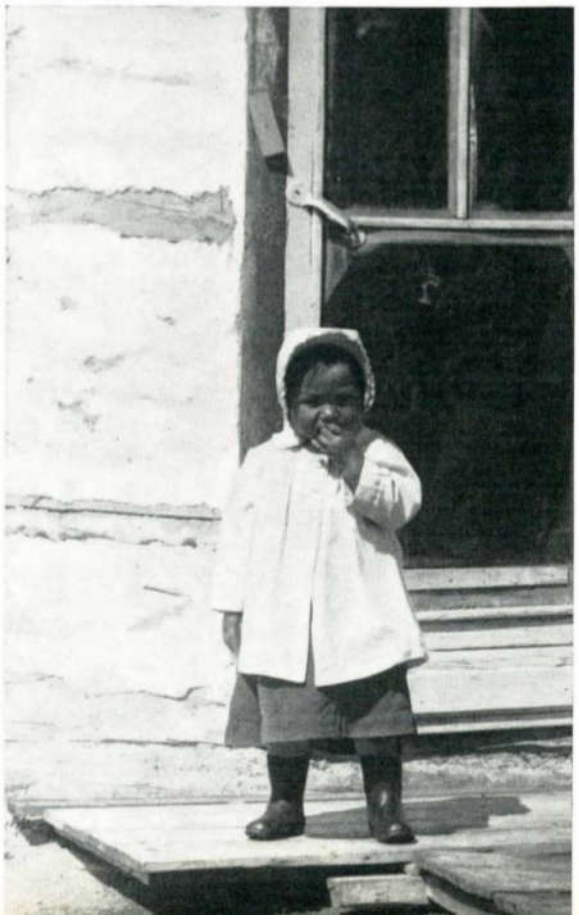
Widely known for his writing and speaking, Dr. Leechman, retired Dominion archaeologist, is the author of the comprehensive study "Native Tribes of Canada."

A big step from the stone age; an Indian road superintendent operating a huge grader. Cit. & Imm. photo

The first contacts, doubtless, were minor trading enterprises, but when permanent settlement began, intercourse between the whites and the Indians was close and constant. There was but little difference in their standard of living, for the white fishermen and farmers were generally illiterate and not skilled in advanced arts and crafts. It was the Indians who taught the newcomers how to make snowshoes and canoes, where to find the portages and trails, how to hunt the moose and beaver. The Indian women lived side by side with the French wives and showed them how to cook Indian corn, what plants made good medicine, which yielded fast dyes. The conflicts so stressed in our history books were the points of friction, generating heat and noise, but most of the time life flowed along smoothly enough. Even after the founding of Quebec and Montreal, the advance of the white man was slow, and it was not until about 1785 that the white population of all Canada equalled in numbers the aboriginal Indians, believed by competent anthropologists to have numbered about 200,000. Intermarriage was frequent and many of the Frenchmen found the Indian way of life so much to their liking that they could only with difficulty be confined to their little farms and villages, where they lived under the watchful eye of the seigneur and the priest.

On the prairies, in the early 1800s, things were very different. The fur trader had no thought of making a permanent home on the plains; he was there to trade as much fur as possible, for as little as possible, as quickly as possible. The policy of kindly and fair trade with the Indian trappers which had been followed by the Hudson's Bay Company was never thought of by the free traders. Rum, or brandy if the trader were French, was the key to the fur trade. Give the Indians a drink as soon as they reach the post, some presents to prove the trader's generosity, and then a few gallons of diluted rum, or "English milk" as the Indians euphemistically put it, so that everybody could get thoroughly drunk, men, women, and children too. The women, schooled by experience, would hide all guns and knives in the bush, leaving the men only their hands and teeth to fight with, and they used both, as many a chewed-off ear or nose could testify.

The next morning, pleading for a hair of the dog that bit them, the Indians would exchange almost anything for almost nothing, and the trader supplied them with powder



The reservation home may be shabby but the little girl is neat and clean in good quality clothes.

The Indian taught the white man how to make the bark canoe (above) and snowshoes (right). Champlain Festival C'ttee.

John Macfie

Instrument repair and maintenance man in a sulphuric acid plant. Cit. & Imm. photo

and shot, tobacco and beads, vermilion and feathers at a very considerable profit to himself. Naturally enough, alcohol and disease decimated the tribes and the breakdown of what had been a most admirable culture was soon complete. The buffalo which had, before their acquisition of the horse and gun, been sufficient for the needs of the prairie Indians, became extinct and the people faced starvation. Pitiful scenes have been described; a chief, known for his valour in battle and his wisdom in council, was to be seen huddled in a tattered blanket with a twenty-foot sinew cord in his hand, a noose in the far end looped round a gopher hole, waiting patiently in the hope of snaring the little animal for food if it should venture to come out.

Still the free traders persisted, offering whisky in return for whatever they could resell at a profit, and whisky was the one thing the Indians knew of that could dull their minds even for an hour or a day. It was clear that the government would have to take action, provide food and shelter, medical care and schools, and the most practicable way of doing so was to place the people on reservations. Not an ideal solution; few even suggested that it was; but at least they were protected from the whisky smuggler and dishonest traders, were given land to learn farming on, and now boundaries were defined.

When, in 1873, the North West Mounted Police entered the scene, a new era in the tragic history of the prairie tribes began. Firmness, fair dealing, courage, and kindness had their effect and, next to the Indian Affairs Branch itself, the Indians throughout Canada never had better or more valuable friends than the Mounties. True, things have not always gone exactly as one might have wished, but without these men the lot of the Indians would have been immeasurably harder.

Nor on the Pacific coast did the natives find life with the white traders any bed of roses. Theirs had been a long and proud tradition; men traced their ancestry back for many generations (and how many among us can do

the same?); they vaunted their names and crests, their slaves and riches. To the white men, these were but empty pretensions and vain boasting. Once again alcohol and disease reduced a proud and sophisticated people to destitution and shame, selling their wives and daughters for a bottle of hootch "to drown the thoughts of the things they were, and the men they used to be." Once more the answer was the same—reservations.

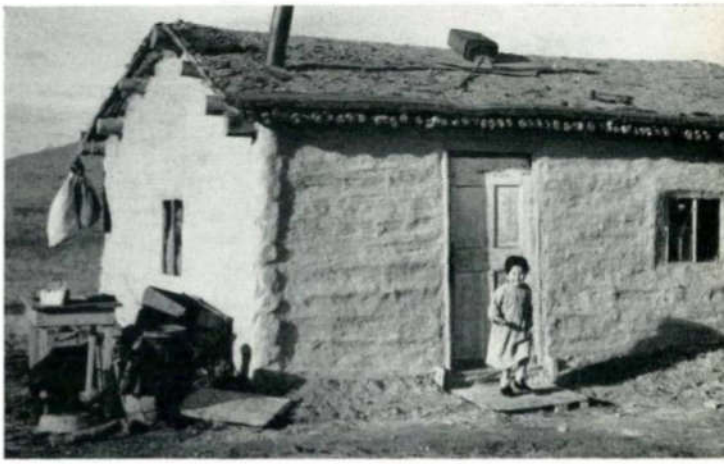
The Indian was on his way out, "a doomed race that would melt away as the snow before the sun." In 1900, the Indian population of Canada was reduced from the original 200,000 to about 100,000, just half of what it had been. The Indians, now accustomed to life on the reservation, though far from happy, had benefited from the care, the better food, the warmer clothing, the medical attention, and their numbers began to increase. Slowly at first but ever more rapidly. They gained in numbers, one per cent a year for some time, but now it is at the rate of three per cent a year and even more, and we find our Indians to be the fastest-growing separate group in all Canada. By 1970, it is estimated, they will have reached 230,000 people, more than the original stock. The total population of Canada at that time will probably be about twenty-three million, of which the Indians will make up one per cent.

Needless to say, legislation to control Indian affairs has been necessary from the very beginning. Even before Canada became a separate legal entity, the Imperial Government appointed Sir William Johnston to the post of Indian Affairs Superintendent in 1755; he had his headquarters in the Mohawk Valley in what is now the State of New York. Through him the government assumed all responsibility for the Indians, and this control continued in Canada up to 1860, when the provinces took over for a short time and then gleefully handed their problems on to the new Dominion Government in 1867.

Indian title to the land was always clearly recognized and a royal proclamation of 1763 declared in unambiguous terms that no Indian could be dispossessed of his lands without his own consent as well as that of the crown.

Canada is the third largest country in the world, being surpassed in area only be the U.S.S.R. and China. To frame legislation that will lay down a pattern of administration of native affairs for so vast an area, from the treeless arctic to the fertile prairies, from the muskegs of Labrador to the warm, rich fiords of the Pacific coast, is a monumental problem. Yet the Indian Act (first passed in 1876) must be simple and succinct; it cannot be ambiguous, it may not be wordy or vague. The regulations required for running the simple affairs of a small band of Chipewyan Indians in the interior of the Northwest Territories must, by the very nature of things, differ from those suitable for the Mohawk high-steel men of Caughnawaga, nor will laws eminently wise and useful in the Yukon find much merit in Deseronto.

Not only do economic and social conditions vary from area to area, but also from one generation to another, and rules concerning trapping, for instance, admirable and



House in a permanent Saulteaux camp. *Sask. Star Phoenix*

efficient today, may be almost meaningless fifty years later when a district has become urbanized. Much, of necessity, has to be left to the common sense and administrative ability of the man in charge, the man on the spot; yet, no matter how good his intentions, he may not transgress in any way the fundamental provisions of the Indian Act and all the supplementary regulations that follow from it. It takes sharp shears and a strong wrist to cut red tape.

Band funds in a logging community provide for new houses such as this one occupied by the teacher.
Cit. & Imm. photo

A Chipewyan winter encampment. Livelihood depends on trapping and hunting. *Richard Harrington*

Legislation, obviously, must lay down the law: thou shalt, and thou shalt not. Unfortunately the "shalt not" clauses seem to outnumber the others fairly heavily, and the Indians were galled and troubled by the restrictions that hedged them in. Dominion law was, at times, in conflict with provincial law; the Indians were caught between the two and found it hard to know which way to turn, which law to obey.

They had traded their wide acres for the narrower reservations, and today Indian treaties cover nearly half the country. There are 2,226 reserves in Canada and the annual treaty payments to the people, guaranteed by the government, come to more than $420,000. Reserves vary in size from a few acres to as much as 500 square miles. Some of them are almost useless, others are rich in farm land, in timber, and in minerals. Some have many people living on them, others are unoccupied, but their value to the Indians still remains, for there are fishing, hunting, and other rights involved, as well as the actual value of the land itself.

Indians living on the reserves follow very much the same occupations that their forebears did, hunting, fishing, and trapping where possible, but working in industry and commerce in the urbanized areas. Only on the prairies have the people greatly changed their way of living, for here the hunting of the buffalo is no longer possible and they have turned to growing wheat and raising cattle, "the white man's buffalo" as they call them, with a wry smile. In the Northwest Territories, where trapping is becoming progressively less profitable, the aeroplane has brought about great changes, and the natives are turning more and more to lumbering, commercial fishing, and mining.

Improved medical care, better food and clothing, undoubtedly have had much to do with the resurrection of the native population, its turning from death to growth. Tuberculosis was one of the great scourges that afflicted the Indians and for many years it came first on the list headed "Cause of Death." Today it is seventh, and the prevalence among the natives is but little higher than among our white people. In 1945-46 the appropriation for Indian administration including medical services was about four and a half million dollars; today it is over sixty millions. All services available to Canadian citizens are available to the Indians as well; old age pension family allowance, relief, and child welfare; help for the blind, the incapacitated, the elderly.

Not very many years ago an Indian reservation could be recognized almost at once by the neglected, tumbledown shacks and log cabins. There is still much to be done in providing decent housing, but over ten thousand new houses have been built for Indians since 1946 and some twenty thousand have been repaired and improved. Today some Indian homes have an electric stove, a re-

frigerator, a TV set, and a fine car parked outside. Others are still log cabins with a mud floor, low door, small window, and a hole in the roof.

It is in education that most progress has been made. A generation ago few competent teachers could be persuaded to take an Indian school, and practically no Indian children attended white schools. Today there are nearly ten thousand of them doing so, with about forty students in university, and these numbers are growing steadily. Integration of Indian children with white children in the schools is undoubtedly the greatest single factor in the recent rapid advance of our native citizens; it was a vital step forward and, much as the Indians have benefited from this new program, let us not forget that it has done the white pupils a lot of good too.

Recently, too, the Indians have been urged to take a greater share of the responsibility for the conduct of affairs on their own reservations, and this has done much to restore their self-confidence and dignity. Band councils are elected, by our method or by native custom as the people wish, and they are charged with such matters as housing, water, fire protection, sanitation, welfare, education, health, orphans, elderly people, game regulations, and a dozen other things. A band council consists of a chief and one councillor for every hundred members of the band, and they serve a two-year term. Councils have some control, too, over the disposition of the band funds, held in trust in Ottawa and which are derived from the sale or lease of band property. Some bands have no funds at all, some are poor, others are wealthy; the total sum

Indian file—with power saws over their shoulders. An Algonquin band co-operative cuts pulpwood under contract each winter to supplement meagre earnings from hunting and trapping. *Dwight E. Dolan*

A veteran of the Atlantic and Korean conflicts, born on the Six Nations Reserve, is now senior instructional Chief Petty Officer in the R.C.N. torpedo anti-submarine school at Halifax. *National Defence—RCN*

held in the name of the Indian people amounts to about thirty million dollars.

Many Indians have voluntarily left their reservations in the past and many others undoubtedly will do so in the future. To become enfranchised, an Indian must renounce his native status and accept the duties and

Cultivator of potato field in N.W.T. receives advice and assistance from the Dominion Experimental Farm.
Rosemary Gilliat

responsibilities of an ordinary citizen. He draws his per capita share of the band funds and is then entitled to vote and may meet the inconveniences of having to pay income tax.

Now, what of the future? What is the aim of our government? The Hon. Ellen Fairclough, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, has stated it clearly. "The fundamental aim of the government's policy towards Indians," she said, "is the gradual integration of our country's fastest-growing ethnic group into the Canadian community." With this end in view, she makes education her

Auditor of the Walpole Island Council instructs secretary and Chief (right) in handling newly won right to administer band revenue.
Cit. & Imm. photo—Chatham Daily News

chief agent. "Education is the key to a promising future for the Indians," she said, and "Our policy is to make school facilities available to every Indian child."

It is anticipated that, by 1970, two-thirds of our Indian people will have left the reserves. Some of the elderly ones, born and brought up there, can obviously never leave, but their children can, and their grand-children will. There are many things still to be done; the reserves must be well planned, prosperous and happy; onerous, unworkable, and needless restrictions must be removed; houses must be improved. The white superintendents must be skilful, adaptable, and sympathetic. When suitable, Indian superintendents might be appointed.

All these things are being done. Since 1951, when the Indian Act was revised, enormous strides forward have been made under the aegis of a new and enlightened administration, and we may confidently look forward to a time in the not very far future when the reservations, which, in spite of all their faults, literally saved the Indian race from extinction, will no longer be needed.

The old Indian culture will, inevitably, be absorbed by ours, but it will never be forgotten, and the Indian contribution to our civilization will remain one of great value. In agricultural products alone, such as Indian corn, beans, squash, artichokes, sunflowers, and tobacco, to say nothing of potatoes from farther south, we have gained far more than all the gold the Spaniards ever looted from the Indies.

Our memory of the Indian must never grow dim whether we picture him as Hiawatha, or as a warrior of the plains, or as a noble chief with head-dress and robes in a village of huge wooden houses and totem-poles.* We shall see him as he was at his best, a proud and nostalgic figure standing in the haze of a glowing Indian summer.•

More than forty Indian students from a nearby reserve mingle happily with white pupils in the public school at Ridgetown, Ontario. *Cit. & Imm. photo*

*See page 59.

The drawings, from the M. and M. Karolik Collection, are reproduced by special permission of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston,

TWO EARLY VIEWS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

BY ROBERT D. MONROE

Assistant Chief Reference Librarian
University of Washington

THE work of a nearly forgotten artist who visited Vancouver Island in 1850 during his tour of duty with the United States Pacific Coast Survey expedition, has been discovered recently in the M. and M. Karolik Collection of American Watercolours, Drawings and Prints, 1800-1875, now in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts. Two Vancouver Island views, heretofore unknown and unpublished, are contained in the collection, representing the artist's impression of the entrance to Departure Bay on the island's eastern coast, and an unusual view of Indian graves located on a headland or other prominence with the houses of Victoria in the background.

William Birch McMurtrie, whose authorship of the two views has been established, and whose activities in the Western United States as a member of the Coast Survey expedition, have been described by the writer in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly* (Vol. 60, September 1959), accompanied a small group of engineers and surveyors on a side trip from the Steilacoom Barracks in Washington Territory, where they were visiting, to Victoria and other Vancouver Island settlements during the summer of 1850.

The survey party aboard the schooner *Ewing* had sailed northward from San Francisco to pursue its historic reconnaissance of the nearly unmarked and unsatisfactorily charted coast between San Francisco Bay and Puget Sound. The party reached Astoria in the Oregon Territory in May. After a lengthy sojourn thereabouts, marked by feverish activity to complete its work, and hampered by the adverse conditions prevailing in the region, the party again sailed northward for Puget Sound, where its scientific investigations were continued, and McMurtrie, in spare hours, recorded his visual impressions of Mt. Baker from the Sound, and of the Steilacoom Barracks and Mt. Rainier. It was during July that the artist made his brief visit to Vancouver Island and took the two views which accompany this article.

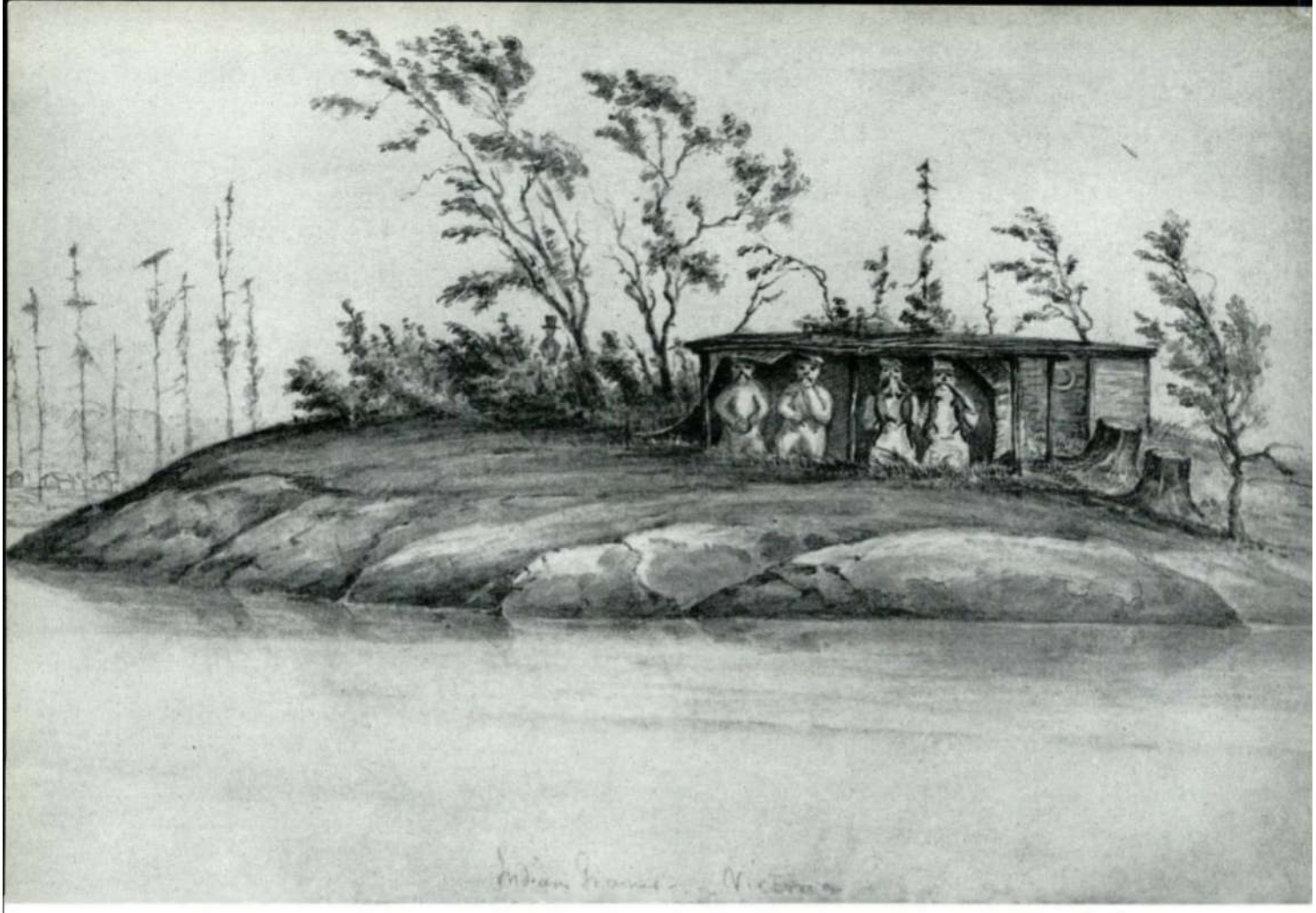
William Birch McMurtrie served as a draughtsman in the western field from 1849 until 1853, when he returned to the Eastern United States and his family home in Philadelphia. McMurtrie's affiliation with the U.S. Coast Survey was to continue until his death in Washington, D.C., in 1872. His age had exempted him from military service in the Civil War during 1861-1865, but the

Departure Bay, Vancouver Island. *Water colour and pencil on buff paper,* $12\frac{3}{16}$ *x* $7\frac{3}{16}$ *in.*

draughtsman is known to have assisted in the planning and design of various fortifications in the vicinity of the Union capital. Except for brief notices of his routine work contained in the annual reports of the Coast Survey, virtually nothing is now known of the man during the last twenty years of his life.

So complete, in fact, was the obscurity into which McMurtrie settled after his return from the West in 1853 that nearly all trace of him and his drawings literally disappeared. Certain excellent works of reference published in recent years and to which historians, librarians and collectors usually turn, either do not accord him any place at all, or, at best, only mention his name. This is the more surprising because during McMurtrie's lifetime, the artist had seen the publication of at least one of his works and had enjoyed the satisfaction of a popular success, if small financial reward. Harry Peters in his monumental *California on Stone* (1935) reproduces this notable work, a view of San Francisco taken in 1850, which had been published and widely distributed by Currier and Ives in 1851. This colourful print was well received by those avid for information about California and the surviving copies of it are now among the most sought after items of Californiana. Despite this popularity, then and now, the author of the work remained a near mystery, and Peters' great catalogue sheds no light upon him. More recently, Robert Taft's *Artists and Illustrators in the Old West,* 1850-1900 (1954) fails to mention McMurtrie, although the artist was active on the scene in 1850, the very year Taft selected for the commencement of his resumé. The only published notice upon McMurtrie as an artist prior to 1959 is contained in the New York Historical Society's *Dictionary of Artists in America,* 1564-1860 (1957), where he is briefly noted solely because exhibition catalogues of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts name him as an infrequent contributor.

Thirty-six of William Birch McMurtrie's pencil and water-colour drawings have been found, however, to assure him a place in the annals of early western travellers' art, and something of the man himself has begun to emerge. We know that the painter was born in Philadelphia in 1816 and received his education there. Although accomplished in drawing, his training probably did not exceed in merit or degree that given every promising young man of



Indian graves, Victoria. Pencil and water colour on buff paper, 12 $\frac{13}{16}$ x 8 in.

his day who enjoyed a comfortable life in the home of a distinguished if not affluent father. In McMurtrie's case, his father's reputation as a prominent author and as a professor in the Central High School of Philadelphia, brought him into early contact with gifted, learned and politically distinguished Philadelphians. He was, in fact, the namesake of William Russell Birch, well-known Philadelphia painter and engraver whose pupil he may have been, and he may also have received instruction from Rembrandt Peale, onetime instructor in penmanship at Central High School.

Largely because of his father's reputation and long friendship with Alexander Dallas Bache, young McMurtrie obtained employment in the United States Coast Survey, of which Bache was the well-known superintendent. He began work in the Coast Survey's Washington, D.C., offices in June of 1848, and after having been trained to Bache's satisfaction in topographic drawing, McMurtrie was selected to accompany the Pacific Coast Survey expedition as a draughtsman under the command of William Pope McArthur, U.S.N. McMurtrie's beginning salary was $15 a month, with an allowance of sixty cents a day for board.

The work of any early artist commends itself to us in our search for eyewitness accounts of life in Western Canada and the United States during formative years. As a painter, McMurtrie was neither more nor less than others whose works are better remembered and who have not suffered personal eclipse. As were other painters of the western scene, McMurtrie was awed by the majestic mountains, impressed by the might of raging rivers, and intrigued by the curious implements and structures of the aboriginal inhabitant—his long canoe, his fishing platform, his strange house and his grave. Fifteen of William Birch McMurtrie's drawings in the Museum of Fine Arts are related by subject matter to the North American west and their recognition and ultimate publication after a hundred years' loss will provide a fresh and highly welcome addition to the resources of iconographic collections in Canada and the United States. ◆

JEHU OF THE WATERWAYS

BY GRACE LEE NUTE

Professor of history at Hamline University, Dr. Nute has written extensively on early fur trade expeditions and the part played by voyageurs, on which she is an authority.

AROUND the short, stocky figure of Sir George Simpson cluster myths and legends almost as fantastic as the Paul Bunyan yarns. Since there is always some core of truth in any legend about a well known, historic character, it is rewarding to probe for it. Voyageurs seem to have been the legend-makers in Sir George's case, and they had plenty of solid facts concerning his voyaging habits on which to build their structure of seemingly incredible tales. For the overseas governor of the Hudson's Bay Company was the indefatigable traveller of all times.

Someone in the home office of the Company compiled long ago a table of Sir George's journeys on the North American continent based upon his letters now in the London archives. These documents, written methodically from camps on the canoe routes between Montreal, the Red River Settlement (Fort Garry), Norway House, and York Factory, as well as from posts on the Saskatchewan, Lake Athabasca, and Peace River, and in Oregon Country, reveal that beginning in 1821 and ending with the very year of his death, 1860, he missed only 1838, 1840, and 1842 as an opportunity to make one of his furious, cross-continent journeys.

In twenty-eight of those years he journeyed from Montreal to Lake Winnipeg or beyond. Four times he got to Lake Athabasca and Great Slave Lake. On thirteen occasions he was at York Factory on Hudson Bay. Five times he crossed the continent to the Columbia. Once he journeyed from there to Sitka. Only twice did he pass overland, by way of St. Paul, at the very end of his career. In 1841, the year he was knighted, he went on from the mouth of the Columbia to encircle the globe and then published (with the help of a ghost writer) a fascinating travelogue.

Fortunately for us of the next century, many persons first and last made these journeys with him or saw him en route, a few of whom have left diaries or other documentation. In many respects the journal of his bride on her honeymoon trip of 1830 from Montreal to York Factory is the most revealing of all the accounts about Sir George and his methods of travel. Few other white women ever travelled in Company canoe brigades, and this fact may account for the wealth of detail that Frances Simpson alone has recorded. A young, inexperienced woman would notice and report what seemed trivial or commonplace to fur traders and voyageurs.

No meager equipment went with Sir George on his trips. Usually a male secretary took dictation alongside his chief in the middle of the canoe, while the best twelve or fifteen voyageurs from scores of available canoemen propelled the canoe forward. Its gaily decorated bow and stern sped

through the water at a remarkable speed, as a deep-throated chorus of old Loire Vally *chansons* rolled shoreward. Frances Simpson lists the lading of her canoe: two waterproof cassettes or trunks of clothing; one basket of cold meats, cutlery, etc.; one egg basket; one basket containing six bottles of wine, cups, teapots, sugar bowl, and other dishes for al fresco meals, besides a bag of biscuits (crackers), a bale of hams, a keg of butter; and numerous other items. All this besides fifteen voyageurs, herself, her husband, and a servant. The craft was called a "light" canoe, but only because it carried no trade goods. In the accompanying canoe besides fifteen voyageurs there were three passengers, the voyageurs' provisions of "Pork and Biscuits," a keg of liquor from which the men were "drammed" several times a day, and tents, cooking equipment, blankets, and so forth.

Forty-five minutes were allowed every morning for breakfast ashore after seven or eight hours of paddling. Like all the meals on the trip it was cooked over a campfire kindled with the guide's flint and steel and a small piece of bark and touchwood from a gaily decorated fire bag hanging from his long, bright sash. Frances' first dinner was in the governor's canoe moored along shore, but that was unusual and due to the presence of temporary guests. Nine in the evening was the usual hour, while tents were being pitched, blankets and cloaks spread in them for passengers, and other preparation made for the night. The voyageurs rolled themselves up in blankets and slept under the heavens in fair weather and under the thirty-five foot canoe in foul.

Dawn comes early in northern latitudes in May. At 2 a.m. Sir George usually awoke the sleepers of his party with the customary "Lève! Lève, nos gens!" of canoe brigades. No breakfast until nine o'clock—only "sweet Voyageurs airs" to solace Frances and other sleepyheads. Rain might pour down, but the travellers sped on, making several portages—amounting in some cases to five miles—over fallen trees and rocks. Over one short stretch of water Frances was carried in the arms of one of the voyageurs, but on terra firma she clambered and waded and struggled like the others. By ten o'clock one night in camp after such a day, "there was such a Nasal Serenade" as to "drown the shrill notes of thousands of Bull-frogs" in a near-by swamp.

Snow often followed the first warm days of the trip, and even in June the early hour of arising from hard beds, found ice on the paddles as the day's journeying began. Portages were numerous and rough. Novices weakened under the strain and deserted, had to be caught and disciplined by the old hands. Nights were bitter cold. On a portage a mile and a half long Frances mentions "the walking would have been bad in broad daylight, but the darkness of the morning rendered it almost impassable, as it partly lay thro' a Morass knee deep, and blocked up with Wind fallen Timber." Her companion, Mrs. McTavish, was being carried over this stretch by Nicholas, a voyageur. She was a heavy load and in the midst of the swamp her porter really "bogged down." At the recommendations of Nicholas and Sir George, she climbed onto the back of her "steed." Frances writes: "the scene was so ludicrous that the bystanders could not resist a laugh," and that finished poor Nicholas. He lost his balance, "stumbled forwards, fell on his face," and his unfortunate rider somersaulted over his head into the mud. Such were some of the scenes that Frances witnessed on her first trip, on which her party seems to have been more often wet than they were dry.

If she was dismayed at "Lève, lève" at 2 o'clock in the morning, what must have been her feelings when the journey along Lake Huron's north shore began at midnight! That day the voyageurs had paddled till sunset and then had put ashore because of wind. To make up time, Sir George had them all up two hours earlier than usual.

This sketch map indicates the extent of Simpson's travels.

Mrs. Hopkins, wife of Simpson's secretary, in her painting (probably in the 1860s) has caught the sense of urgency as the voyageurs run a great canoe down rapids. Public Archives

The following day, too, they were up before daylight, but had to put ashore about noon because of dense fog. On Lake Superior, ice, bitter cold, and drenching waves awaited them. They nearly swamped in the cross currents at the mouth of Pic River, and had to encamp at seven that evening and to start again at 11.30, in order to make a long traverse. That time, at least, Frances did not have to stumble over portage paths in the dead of night!

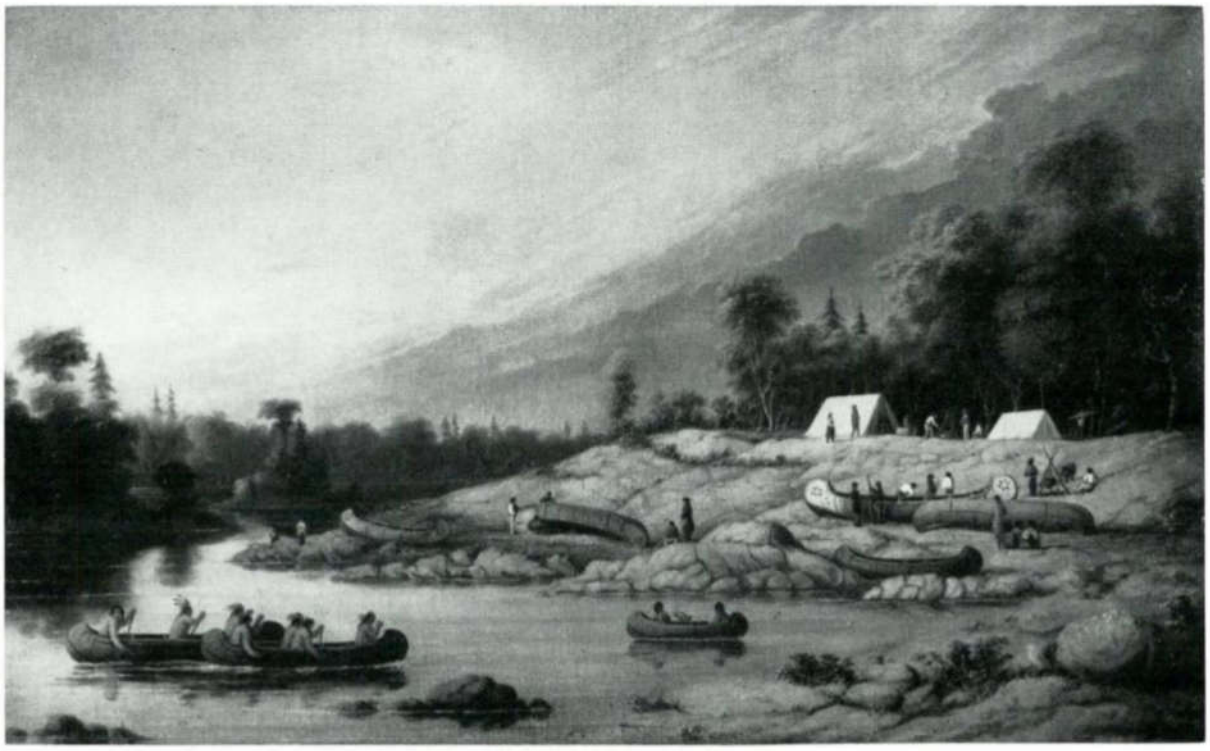
At Fort William on the far side of Lake Superior the Montreal canoes—thirty-five to forty feet long—were always left behind and North canoes—much smaller, but still considerably longer than today's craft—were secured. Fewer voyageurs were needed now to man the canoes. At Kakabeka Falls the only spot for encamping had to be reached by Frances over a bridge of voyageurs' backs, "across the deep, slimy mire, of which the bank is formed." Here were more frog serenades; and now mosquitoes, black flies, and no-see-ums began to pester the sleepers.

Voyageurs were resourceful men, and when, as sometimes happened, a canoe was injured and sank, repairs could be made without great delay. Such a halt occurred near Mille Lacs Lake on the 1830 trip. Frances says that her voyageurs were "Employed from 11 till 3 o'clock putting our wreck in a 'Sea worthy state'. . . by introducing a piece of new bark, inside the damaged part, sewing it with a thin fibre of the root of a [spruce] tree, and covering the seam with melted Pine Pitch, or 'Gum'."

Next night everyone had to stay up before a blazing fire until eleven to dry themselves and their clothing after a day in rain and snow. An hour after retiring, however, everyone was aroused with Simpson's unrelenting "Lève, lève!" to begin a new day's toil. On the first portage that day, Frances writes, "we groped our way in the dark," stumbling and falling "on the slippery and uneven ground." That day, too, the second canoe had its bottom ripped out and Frances "was fortunate in escaping a ducking, by being caught up in the arms of one of the men, and carried to a dry spot."

Running rapids became the order of the days after the height of land was passed beyond Kakabeka Falls, and Frances "could but admire the address of the Bowsman in leading our beautiful and airy bark, thro' the Breakers, Whirlpools, and Eddies occasioned by this great body of water [Namakan River] pent up between immense walls of Rock, and hurled over huge masses of the same material," just before bursting into Rainy Lake.

Like most of Sir George's travel companions, his bride admired the prowess of his crack crews in running rapids, exceeding all other voyageurs in speed and endurance, and presenting perfect manners and gay dispositions to their



Paul Kane, who travelled west with a canoe brigade in 1846, painted this encampment on the Winnipeg River.
Royal Ontario Museum

demanding *bourgeois*, the term used by voyageurs in referring to their masters. A later traveller, a young English gentleman named Frederick Ulrich Graham, on a hunting trip to the Far West in 1847, penned a fine tribute to the "pretty sight" his voyageurs made in handling "these frailest of crafts among the tremendous rollers" of Lake Superior. He admits that all his party got up earlier than had been their wont on the lake, because "le Gouverneur" was not far behind them and they did not want him to overtake them. Before breakfast, however, he appeared, "with fresh provisions—eggs and milk—which were a great treat, after 'toujours ham and biscuit'."

Simpson did not delay long; Graham's next entry is, " 'Gouverneur' went ahead in the light canoe." Two days later one of Simpson's voyageurs, having come to "our camp . . . got so 'boozy' that he would not start in the morning. . . . Sir George in a great state of mind."

It is obvious from many statements that Sir George was often in "a great state of mind." Near Mille Lacs Lake Graham, for example, states that the party "Camped at sundown at the foot of a portage, cold and heavy mist from the swamp, the Major's [a companion] canoe missing, Sir George evidently uneasy. . . . They arrived an hour after dark, and were dead beat, bleeding at the nose, and the Major in a devil of a rage. Supper rather unpleasant, the two higher powers being the one sulky, the other uncomfortable."

Next day was even worse for the "poor 'mangeurs de lard'," *i.e.*, the novice voyageurs, who were "terribly cooked!" Because loads were left, "thrashings [were] administered by the old hands, in some cases, to make them carry through. Cruel work! Ten or twelve miles in a day with 180 pounds to carry" over portages.

Down a rapid next day they went "at railway speed, through lots of snags, among which he [Baptiste, the bowsman] twisted the canoe with wonderful skill, never turning his head, and seeming rather to steer by instinct. Had we touched one we should have gone to smithereens in a second."

When the going became too uncomfortable for the travellers, Simpson had devices for cheering them and lifting their morale. Thus, near Lake of the Woods, rain fell all day on Graham's trip, accompanied by a gale. So camp was made at two in the afternoon with everyone and everything "soaked through." That evening there was a "feast in Sir George's tent—rice pudding and cream, and two glasses of wine."

Something in these canoe trips must have appealed to Simpson or he would not have continued them long after the initial years of his governorship. At first he needed to

inspect posts, get first-hand knowledge of business requirements for the future development of the Company, and inspire respect and confidence in hundreds of "servants", from chief factors in charge of departments, down to humble voyageurs. That he succeeded magnificently shows that his unbending, autocratic but just rule was required at first. But later, when the well oiled machinery more or less turned of itself, did the "call of the wild" exercise a siren charm on his spirits? Did a scene such as Graham reported in early June, 1847 on Winnipeg River pierce even his hard-bitten exterior? Graham writes: "A lovely evening, and a pretty camp above the now splendid river, overlooking a magnificent stretch of water, as wide as the Thames at Gravesend, clothed on each bank with hard wood forest, now in full leaf, and the wild forest trees all in bloom."

On his first transcontinental trip as governor in 1824-5, Simpson found such extravagance, waste, carelessness, and worse, that he felt he must set an example. The result was a trip about which factors, traders, voyageurs, and Indians never ceased to exclaim, especially concerning its last miles. In April 1825, Simpson had left the site of Fort Colvile on the upper Columbia bound upstream in the spring flood. At Boat Encampment (end of navigation) no horses, though they had been ordered to be there! So all the weary travellers went afoot through Athabasca Pass, crossing Wood River seventeen times. Simpson writes: "Some of the people were so numbed with the cold that on getting out of the Water, they actually could not stand." Then came twenty-seven similar crossings of the Whirlpool River on the eastern slope of the Rockies. The Governor was due at council meeting at Norway House early in June and nothing must cause him to be late.

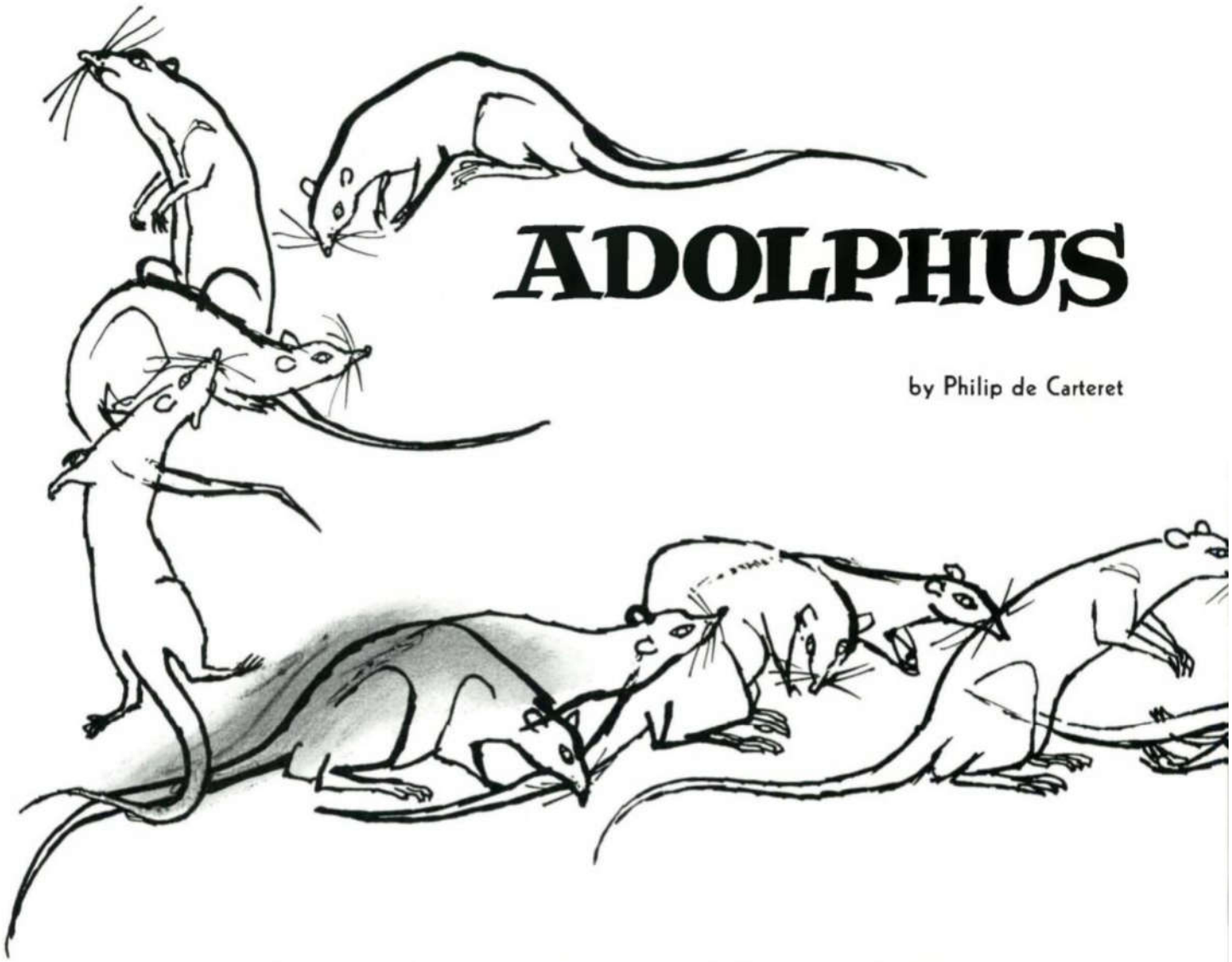
Down the Saskatchewan his boat sped to Fort Carlton, about forty-five miles west of the site of Prince Albert. Here bad news caused him to try for even more speed by going overland to Red River. The Fall Indians were on the war path out on the plains, but the intrepid Governor would not heed his fearful traders and voyageurs. Instead, he rode out over the sodden prairies, lost his way, and reached the angle of the Assiniboine and Qu'Appelle, where both streams were in flood. He himself tells in his diary what occurred. "The Water was too Deep to Wade; there was no wood of any kind to make a Raft; several of our people could not swim. . . . I however being more at home in the Water than any of my fellow travellers and anxious to save the lives of the poor animals [horses], stripped and Swam across with a few things; 3 others followed my example and by making several crossings in this way we got the whole of our little Baggage over; the Horses were driven across, those people who could not Swim holding on by their Tails. . . . In like manner we got across the Assiniboine River."

Everyone but the Governor was too exhausted to proceed further when the little party reached White Horse Plain. He knew he must reach Norway House for the council early in June and here he was, on May 25, still sixteen miles from Red River Settlement, with the length of Lake Winnipeg between there and Norway House. He himself tells the sequel: "I got on my old charger 'Jonathan', gave him the Rein with a smart cut across the haunches and commenced a furious attack on the Gates of Fort Garry at 12 midnight, was immediately answered by a most hearty welcome from Mr. McKenzie and every person at the Garrison and here I purpose taking a rest for Eight Days after having performed one of the most dangerous and harrassing Journeys ever undertaken in the Country through which, thank God, I have got with no injury or inconvenience worthy of Notice."

At Norway House the council met him with a warm address of appreciation, linking this trip with the one he had made in 1822-3, which had given him great stature in their eyes. On that winter journey he had passed, apparently on foot, from Lake Athabasca to Great Slave Lake and back, up Peace River to Fort Dunvegan, and thence by way of Lesser Slave Lake to Edmonton House. This journey had ended in February!

Crossing a river in the west, as depicted in the book by Milton and Cheadle after their expedition of 1862-4.

Such was the great Jehu of the host of factors, traders, voyageurs, and Indians, who feared and admired their undersized Governor, the man who put the Company's business above all else and inspired most of them to do likewise. ◆



ADOLPHUS

by Philip de Carteret

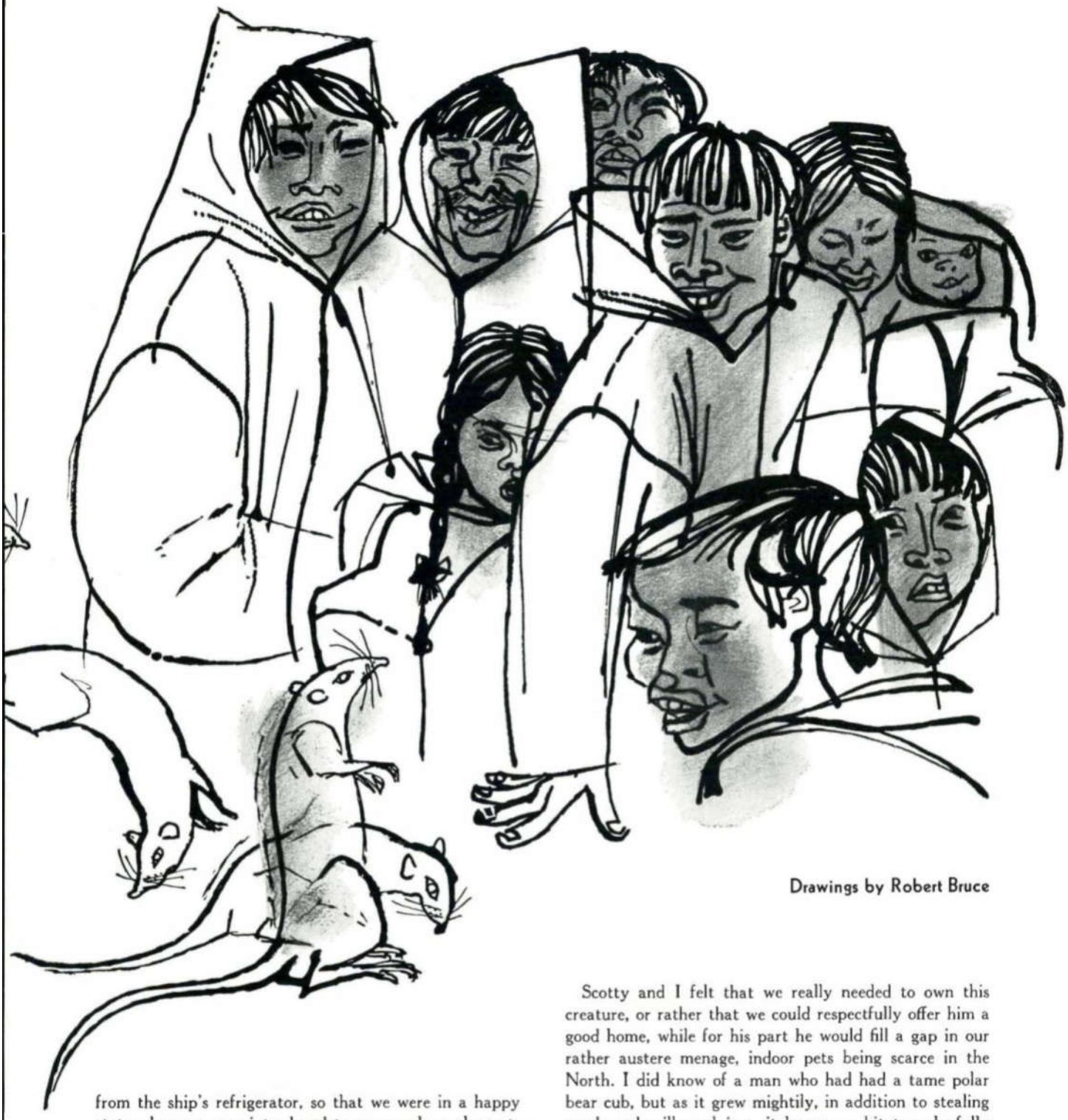
I SUPPOSE there are few persons who have an affection for rats. I haven't myself, for that matter, but there is said to be an exception to every rule, and our white rat was that very thing.

This rodent first entered our lives—that is, the lives of my friend Scotty and myself—when we were young men in the Fur Trade; simple, healthy and full of *joie de vivre*.

Our existence, in those days, presented few problems mainly because we lived well away from the harassing effects of civilization at a nice quiet post on the shores of Hudson Straits where the wicked, in the shape of bureaucrats, troubled not and even the poor, in the shape of Eskimo, were pleased. Animals, dead or alive, formed the mainspring of our reason for being there, for primarily our business was to buy furs, and this entailed the hunting of various birds and beasts for food and the use of dogs to accomplish that end. We liked animals, we were vastly interested in them, and although we had the blood of many on our hands we never killed wantonly. As for dogs, well, between the two of us we owned about thirty; all of them tame and amenable due to constant handling and being given at least a sufficiency of food, although some were not too bright in the head and others because of old age had been pensioned off and did no work. We couldn't bear to shoot them merely because they were a bit long in the tooth and somewhat feeble. So perhaps this fondness for animals explains why we acquired our rat.

We had borne the arrival and departure of our annual supply vessel with our usual stoicism and had settled down again into our accustomed comfortable rut when the ice-breaker arrived on her way out of the North to Montreal. Aboard this vessel we were entertained lavishly and presented with large pieces of fresh beef and pork straight

Mr. de Carteret was with Revillon Freres Trading Co. in the Eastern Arctic in the 1930s.



Drawings by Robert Bruce

from the ship's refrigerator, so that we were in a happy state when we were introduced to a very clean pleasant-looking tame white rat. He belonged to the mate, I think, but at this period of time my memory is a little uncertain. However, he remains fresh in the mind for his lively spirit and his little round head and rather snub snout, his glistening white fur and pink feet, while his superb whiskers would have been the envy of the Royal Air Force!

Scotty and I felt that we really needed to own this creature, or rather that we could respectfully offer him a good home, while for his part he would fill a gap in our rather austere menage, indoor pets being scarce in the North. I did know of a man who had had a tame polar bear cub, but as it grew mightily, in addition to stealing condensed milk and jam, it became a bit too playfully rough and was inclined to knock him about in a jolly sort of way which might eventually have proved lethal, so he went off deer hunting and arranged to have it shot while he was away, much to his sorrow. We felt that drastic action of this sort was not likely to be necessary with what we now thought of as Our Rat, so after a bit of

haggling we managed to persuade his owner to let him come to us in exchange for a pair of sealskin mitts and a cap made of feathers, slightly tatty, which was felt to be sufficient recompense for a severance of relations.

When it was time to leave the ship I put our new chum inside my shirt where he quietly settled down in the bulge of cloth above my belt and seemingly went to sleep. We were exercised about carrying him ashore by hand in case he got frightened and either jumped overboard or came to some other sort of grief. We got home safely enough, saying nothing to any of our people about the acquisition, then spent some time trying to think up a name suitable for a white rat of so noble a mien. In the end, because he was blonde we figured he was perhaps of Swedish origin and in a flash of inspiration and without meaning any disrespect we named him Gustavus Adolphus after the great king of that name. This was eventually shortened to Adolphus though not, I am very glad to say in the light of subsequent historical events, to Adolph.

Feeling that it was time now for Adolphus to enlarge his acquaintance, we put him inside Scotty's shirt (I had had my turn, so to speak) and both of us went casually into the kitchen which was, as usual, occupied by six or seven of our Eskimos sitting around gossiping and drinking tea, officiated over by our old cook, Naomi. Adolphus, always of a sanguine and gregarious nature, began scrambling round Scotty's waist seeking an outlet to observe events, and eventually poked his head out through the partially unbuttoned front. His sudden appearance caused considerable comment, and opinions were freely offered as to his nature. We were hard put to it to explain what he was and called him a "big mouse" which I felt was a bit insolent but was the best we could do. After all, I defy even the most erudite Eskimo linguist to have given a specific translation of "rat" when such an animal was unknown in that part of the world.

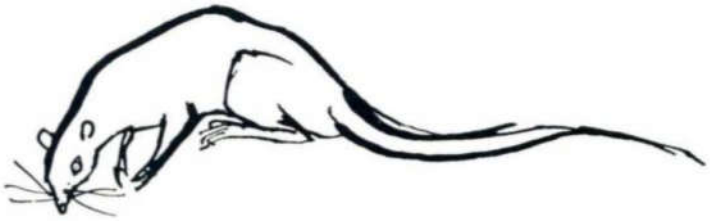
A small boy had seized the opportunity to dash round the tents letting everyone know we had got hold of something novel and in ten minutes Adolphus was playing to a packed house, causing the women to scream, the men to chortle and the smaller children to burst into tears by his antics when allowed to run loose. He would sit up on his haunches in a begging attitude, then caper gaily to the nearest seated person, run up a leg and sniff his way to a shoulder and back to the floor all in the most sprightly manner. He seemed never to feel fear and was at home from the earliest moment.

We took the opportunity to issue a Solemn Warning to everyone present to Keep the Door Shut, for should Adolphus ever venture outside his life would undoubtedly be cut off in its prime by the nearest dog without any delay at all. As always, we got the greatest co-operation. Everyone started explaining to his neighbour the horrible consequences should this precaution be neglected and I suppose because we liked our people and they liked us, this business of Shutting the Door became almost a sacred ritual, in fact everyone, even the small boys, most carefree of all life's creatures, would carefully open the porch door, close it behind them and equally cautiously open the kitchen door and peer round before quickly entering and closing that too, somewhat in the manner of one entering and leaving an airlock.

As winter approached Scotty and I were much exercised concerning Adolphus's accommodation during the cold nights when our stove had to be banked up and the dampers closed to save fuel. The subject of Economy had reared its ugly head with increasing frequency in our instructions from Head Office. I suppose coal, cost landed at seventy bucks a ton, did present a heavy expense, and we did our best to cut down. The result was ice on our blankets each morning where our breath had congealed, and a poor look out for Adolphus. In the end we constructed a neat small wooden box carefully lined with sacking and scrap material, roofed over and with a small door in one end. We showed this device to our friend and he understood at once. He ran in and out of the little door very smartly and twittered in a graceful and well mannered way. Good, we thought, the problem is solved, and placed the box as near to the stove as was reasonable.

That evening we settled down in our respective armchairs with a book each but with one eye on the box. Adolphus spent his days curled up asleep anywhere he fancied, only rising to partake of slight collations of cold partridge, bits of seal meat, fish or whatever, washed down with diluted evaporated milk. In the evenings he would arise refreshed, run round the perimeter of our living room, never across the floor, and pay his respects by nipping up on to the shoulder of either one of us, twitter in our ear and nibble gently at our frequently not too well shaven chins. The box was designed merely as accommodation for the cold nights.

On this evening he didn't put in an appearance at his usual time and frankly we were getting a bit fidgety. It was, I suppose, a trifle silly for two grown men to get into a tizzy like an over-anxious maiden lady about her favourite cat, but there it was. Suddenly we heard a curious scuffling sound, as it might be a piece of paper being scraped along the floor. We rose and looked into the dim shadows occasioned by our solitary oil lamp. There was nothing moving there. We listened again. The noise came



from our little office which adjoined the living room. Opening the door we saw a crumpled sheet of a well-known Dundee newspaper disappearing beneath our filing cabinet. With a torch we investigated. Adolphus was completing a nest of shredded paper to suit his own requirements. He was polite about the box but it evidently didn't come up to scratch. He slept the winter nights away in this nest and only appeared about mid-day when the stove had been glowing for some hours, the kitchen range going full blast, and the house was thoroughly warm.

He made out splendidly that winter and although our floors were scrubbed every week we gave strict instructions that his nest was to be left alone. He was most cleanly in his habits and always used a tray filled with clean reindeer moss for his sanitation. We taught him no tricks. He didn't need instruction, for he could always get titbits of this and that by trotting into the kitchen and doing his little begging act in the middle of the floor, and his natural aptitude was more amusing to watch than man-taught stupidities. But alas, his second winter with us was marred by human folly.

The drinking of spirituous liquors was not a vice to which we were prone except on birthdays and times of rejoicing such as Christmas in my case, assisted by Scotty, and Hogmanay in his case, assisted by myself. This being so it is regrettable to record that at the Christmas celebrations we had what Scotty said was "a wee drappie in our 'ee" and suddenly recalled that although Adolphus had eaten his share of roast goose, deer meat pie, trifle and Christmas pudding, he had not been invited to take a little something to keep out the cold. Fortunately we decided that rum or whisky would be a mite strong for him so we offered him a cocoa tin lid full of port. I suppose this would be the equivalent of a full bottle to a man. Adolphus downed this quantity without hesitation and proceeded to a fireside chair which he mounted and lay blinking at the flames. Scotty and I went off to a dance in a wooden shack the Company had, and as it was Christmas left the stove well stoked and glowing red. When we returned we found Adolphus hopelessly intoxicated, staggering about and obviously unable to locate his nest. The stove was burning low and I was pretty tired by then, so I picked him up, shoved him into my bed, got into pyjamas and pushed him down to the bottom with my warm feet, where he spent the night. In the morning, Adolphus, Scotty and myself had little appetite for breakfast and settled for warm milk or black coffee, according to our respective tastes.

When the spring came and the curiously exciting smell of wet earth replaced the smoky smell of snow, we were able to take down the outer glass windows from the house and replace them with wire fly screens, against the summer invasion of mosquitoes. It was also necessary to open up the inner windows to give the place a much needed airing while our spring cleaning was in progress. Adolphus became very frisky. He slept little now, as little as we did ourselves. One didn't seem to want much sleep during the fairly short nights. Our friend found that he could scramble up on to a window sill and gaze out at the scenery. What he made of the view I don't know but he certainly seemed to enjoy it for he spent hours lying there wide awake observing the sea and the hills with unblinking eyes. He seemed particularly interested in the dogs which were always milling about the place fighting over bits of old sealskin, chasing each other round the house and generally killing time, which seemed to hang heavy for them when they had no work to do. For their part they either ignored Adolphus in his observation post or failed to see him, and after a few days I think this annoyed him. He was so used to humans giving him a kind word and a stroke of the hand that perhaps he felt the dogs might also prove interesting on closer acquaintance. Little did he know. Anyway, he began to hang about the kitchen door and make sudden attempts to nip smartly out whenever it opened. Fortunately, although he succeeded on several occasions, due to our Shut the Door drill he got no further than the porch, the door of which he always found closed.

Then one day in early summer we had visitors. They were half a dozen hunters from Sugluk who had been sealing in a thirty-foot boat and who had run into our place for a change of conversation and a bit of trading. They knew about our white rat already because little titbits of gossip like that were carried by moccasin telegraph over six hundred miles of coast in a matter of days. They were not, however, thoroughly drilled in Shut the Door.

When everyone had finished eating and drinking we all adjourned to the store to trade the dozen or so sealskins the visitors had brought. I found I had left my cigarettes on the living room table and sent the son of one of the men to fetch them. In five minutes he was back and I offered them round while the trading was in progress. On our return to the house we entered, as usual, by the kitchen, and leaving the hunters there Scotty and I went to the living room for coffee. There seemed something strange about it, something uncommon. Then we saw almost immediately what it was. My small boy messenger, being a stranger, had entered by the *front* door. Adolphus was nowhere to be seen, for the door was open to a world full of rapacious and hungry dogs, at least one of whom was by now, alas, not quite so hungry! ◆

Buffalo hunting in the old days, from a watercolour by Peter Rindisbacher.
Courtesy West Point Museum

The Buffalo as a Northern Resource

BY RALPH HEDLIN

Dr. Merril Menzies, Ottawa economist (R) and the author ponder the economic significance of the buffalo.

"THERE'S ONE!"

Chief Guide Don Edge spoke sharply, and followed the words with a tug on the reins and a "whoa!" to his horse. Looking the way he had pointed, Menzies and I both saw the black outline of a buffalo grazing on a meadow that gashed through the willow and aspen woods. The animal was upwind from us and possibly a quarter of a mile away.

We tied our horses and moved gently forward until we could get a reasonably clear view without being seen, then looked him over with binoculars.

The animal was grazing and moving forward as he ate. He was alone.

"Old bull that's been turfed out of the herd by a younger one. Good head. Big brute," said Merril Menzies.

"Not as big as the one you took yesterday," I replied.

"Merril's is the biggest we've seen since the hunt started," said Don Edge. "You might look a long time to equal that."

Don knew, as I did, that I had to get out of the North West Territories and back to Edmonton fairly quickly, and that I didn't have a long time to look.

"All right. I'll try him."

We faded back and started our stalk, always upwind but without too much concern for heavy cover. I remembered the published counsel of the two great naturalists, Ernest Thompson Seton and William T. Hornaday, the former stating that the buffalo is more dangerous than the grizzly and is the "only really dangerous animal in America," and the latter that "full grown males must be watched closely for signs of ill temper, and a savage buffalo should be treated the same as a tiger." The solitary old bulls, in particular had little disposition to run and, if molested, were much more likely to charge.

The buffalo saw us when we were about a hundred yards distant. If we didn't move he didn't. But when I altered my position to get a clear shot, his tail jacked up over his back and his head came down and my grip tightened on the heavy .338 magnum gun I was carrying.

"You better watch it," said Don. "He's going to charge."

I slammed two shots into him, either one of which would have been, given time for bleeding, quite adequate. But the buffalo came on, not apparently much affected. I broke his neck at about seventy yards.

THE DETAILS of the hunt are important in this article only to the extent that there are many people who are prepared to pay relatively large sums of money for the opportunity of making such stalks and having the trophies that result from such a hunt. Also, no doubt, the opportunity to tell their friends that they have been (a) buffalo hunting, and (b) in Canada's North West Territories, permits them to wear the romantic aura that attaches to both accomplishments.

The precise motives do not matter. The central fact is that the Department of Northern Affairs and the North West Territories Council believed that there were sportsmen who would go north for a chance to hunt wild buffalo on their native range and that, while north, they would spend money, to the benefit of the white and native residents. The expectation has proved to be well founded; the American bison has once more been elevated to the status of a valuable resource in a pioneer economy.

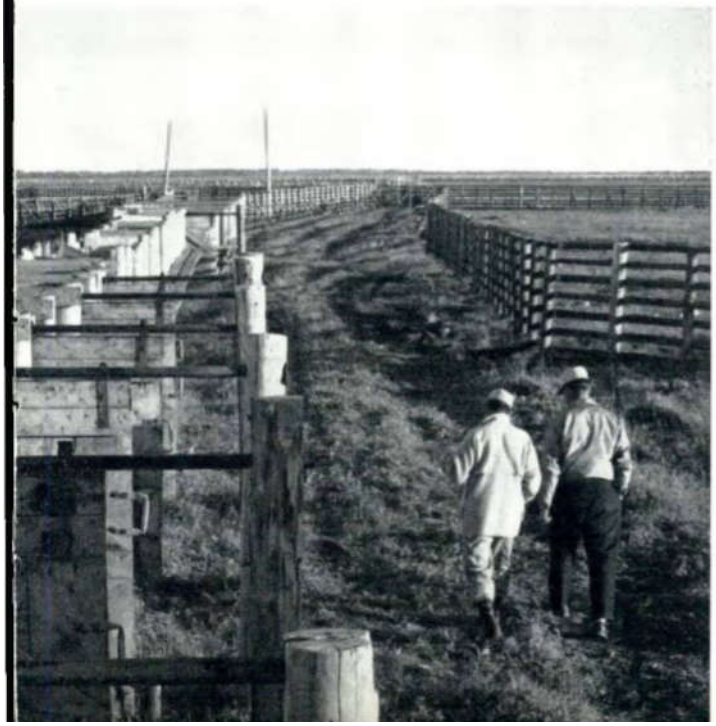
The romantic fog that has clothed the fur and frontier days in Canada and the United States has clouded the fact that the killing of buffalo has always rested on economic motives.

The early trouble between the Nor' Westers and the Red River Settlers, culminating in the "arrest" of Miles Macdonell and the virtual abandonment of the settlement in 1815, had its roots in the seizure of pemmican by Macdonell two years before. It served, if nothing else, to highlight the dependence of the fur traders upon the products of the buffalo hunt.

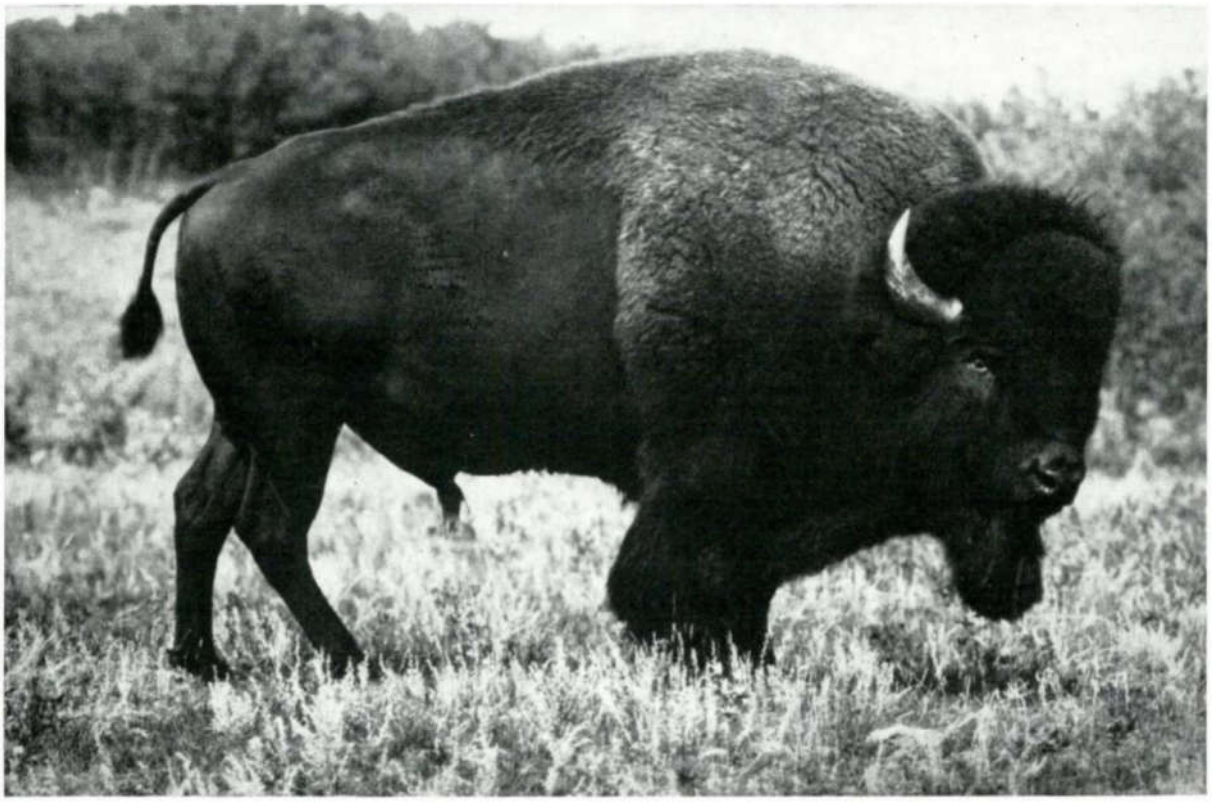
The fur traders recognized a continuing dependence and they used the buffalo as a self-replenishing natural resource and as a meat producing herd. And the transport problem with respect to hides sharply limited the size of market that could be built up and the value of the hides.

This form of use lasted longer in Canada than it did in the United States. In 1832 George Catlin, the Indian-country artist, estimated that 150,000 to 200,000 buffalo robes were being marketed each year. He was so impressed with the destruction of the herds at that early date that he predicted the total extermination of the buffalo within eight to ten years.

He might well have been right in his estimate, but for the marketing problem. This was corrected soon after the construction of the Union Pacific Railway was started at Omaha in 1865; when completed in 1869 it split the buffalo into the "northern" and the "southern" herds. William T. Hornaday, a well qualified naturalist, estimated that at that time there were three and a half million buffalo in the southern herd, one and a half million in the northern



Corrals at Fort Smith where buffalo are herded and some slaughtered.



A good specimen of a buffalo bull.
Canadian Wildlife Service

herd and perhaps 100,000 in the herd on Canada's Slave River—down from Ernest Thompson Seton's estimated maximum population of 60,000,000.

In 1871 the hide hunters, secure in the possession of railway transport to take the hides to market, moved in on the southern herd. They wiped it out in four years. The Northern Pacific Railway was completed in 1880 and by October 1883 the northern herd was also gone. The only wild herds that persisted were in Yellowstone National Park and the Canadian herd, of perhaps 500 animals, in the area that is today Wood Buffalo National Park on the Alberta-North West Territories boundary. When poachers decimated the Yellowstone herd the only remaining original herd was in Canada's northland.

Hornaday's estimate of 1871 placed the total buffalo population at something over five million; in 1889 he estimated the total wild population remaining at 635.

Writers discussing this period colour their comment with such terms as "the unrestrained desire to kill," "blood lust," "passion for killing," and the like. The implication is that the western populace was seized with a form of madness that expressed itself in an insatiable appetite for buffalo blood.

They ignore the fact that the lusts and passions coincided with a cash value for hides and an abundance of hunters. The final onslaught did not come until transport raised the value of the hides to—according to C. Gordon Hewitt in *The Conservation of the Wild Life of Canada*—two dollars to four dollars each and provided a hungry market. It was the era of the "gilded age" and the "robber barons." The remaining five million buffalo were doomed when they took on a value of from $10 million to $20 million. The capital resource was speedily converted to a cash asset in the true spirit of an era of exploitation. The appetite was for money rather than blood.

Within a few years they even expressed in money terms the excessiveness of the slaughter. Hornaday wrote in 1914 that "the value of a full grown buffalo cow in New

York is from $400 to $500, and an adult bull is worth about $100 less. Exceptionally fine mounted heads are worth from $300 to $500." These prices, however, can only have been realized on a trickle of animals.

Since 1884 the buffalo has been a cost to governments rather than a source of income to the community. After 76 years this is changing. The buffalo has again become a valuable—if limited—Canadian resource.

At its lowest the herd in the Canadian north shrank to about 250 animals. In 1893 the killing of buffalo in the north was made illegal and, four years later, the N.W.M.P. were instructed to enforce the law. By 1911 it was very apparent that full time law enforcement officers were necessary, and resident game guardians were appointed. In 1922 the area in which the herd was to be found was made into the 17,300 square mile Wood Buffalo National Park—a park nearly the size of Nova Scotia and the largest national park on the continent.

Supplemented by 6,673 plains buffalo from Wainright the herd has increased to some 17,000 animals. And, of recent years, 3,000 of the total have moved beyond the borders of the park onto the flats south of Great Slave Lake along the Slave River. The buffalo are making a tardy bid to reclaim some of their old territory.

National policy today is, of course, bent in the direction of encouraging economic activity in the north. The buffalo, for generations a mainspring of pioneer economic activity, is being called upon to perform in his old resource role, as an instigator of expenditures—this time by tourists travelling in the north from outside.

Such sport hunting would have been impossible, under the regulations, within the park. It was made possible by the 3,000 adventurous buffalo seeking new territories.

On 31 May 1959 R. G. Robertson, the deputy minister of Northern Affairs, in his role as Commissioner of the Northwest Territories, signed "The Regulations Respecting the Sport Hunting of Buffalo in the Northwest Territories." It provided that licensed outfitters could take licensed sportsmen out to hunt the buffalo on the Slave River flats during a fall season from 15 September to 30 November. For the first time in 66 years it became legal in Canada to kill a buffalo.

Part of the herd in Wood Buffalo National Park.
Canada Pictures Limited

The regulations were designed to ensure that some of the sporting dollars remained in the north. The economic values are neatly reversed, as compared with the experience of the hunters of an earlier era. When the early hunter killed a buffalo his return was a supply of meat or pemmican or a hide that would bring him a few dollars. The hunter of today pays from fifty cents to a dollar a pound for his buffalo by the time he sees it prostrate before him. His return is some combination of pride, trophy, and sense of risk or accomplishment.

For an American hunter the cost of his trophy is about $900, and for the Canadian about $750, the difference being in the charge the Department makes for the licence. The remainder is a minimum of $500 to the outfitter and $75 to Pacific Western Airlines for a flight from Edmonton to Fort Smith and return, and miscellaneous costs such as hotel and meals and incidentals in Fort Smith. If the sportsman elects to charter a plane and go duck hunting or fishing, as many do, the costs mount sharply, which brings joy to the collective heart of the Department of Northern Affairs.

The hard fact is that the buffalo is no longer free for the taking. In the modern hunt he is a luxury economic resource. It is unlikely that many hunters will ever be able to participate in a hunt—the largest number of licences ever mentioned is 100 and there is no assurance it will go that high—and so the buffalo hunter will always retain a certain exclusiveness.

The buffalo that used to fetch two dollars, or perhaps four, to the successful hunter now costs him nine hundred dollars or, if he is Canadian, seven hundred and fifty. This is the change effected by the passage of the years.

A large part of the cost of the hunt does stay in the north. The licence fee, of course, goes to the Consolidated Revenue Fund. The cost of flying presumably goes to the airline's Vancouver head office but must cover heavy northern expenses. The costs of outfitting are high. C. B. Brewster of Banff, who does the outfitting, took horses by barge down the Slave River to Fort Fitzgerald and over the trail to his camp down the river. His supplies must come locally, and the regulations require that he employ a minimum proportion of local Indians as guides. The hunters incur costs in Fort Smith.

The total hunter cost of taking the thirty buffalo for which hunters were licensed last year would be well in excess of $20,000 and, if the sport catches on and the total of licences offered increases, this figure could multiply. The policy is performing its designed objective of moving southern dollars north.

The total dollar transfer is not large but, if plans for the expansion of sport fishing and bird hunting materialize, it could expand. This would still be directly attributable to the buffalo hunting, as it has clearly taken the dramatic impact of the buffalo hunt to attract sportsmen to the area. The buffalo shows promise of being an effective tourist magnet.

The buffalo hunting may have another effect. The Department of Northern Affairs is already under some pressure to open sport hunting for bighorn sheep, mountain goat, moose, deer, grizzly bear and other game in the mountains to the west of the Mackenzie Valley. They are now closed to all sport hunting but there is some disposition in official circles to make further surveys of the game in the area to determine if there is a case for taking a game harvest. The buffalo season will indicate how well outfitters can operate in the area and how effectively sport hunters can be attracted and controlled.

A very old chapter is also being opened, although this is not related to the hunt. An attempt is being made to find an economic use for buffalo by-products—the hide, hair, and horns.

The burgeoning of buffalo population in the park has made necessary a substantial annual slaughter. An abattoir has been built to process the meat, which is used for various government purposes or is sold. But no profitable market has, as yet, been found for the hides or horns and most are discarded.

B. E. Olson, Superintendent of Wood Buffalo National Park and the man responsible for the buffalo in the park, is concerned with this waste. Techniques have been examined that would provide a market for the horns for handicraft work and an attempt is being made to interest clothing manufacturers in making an ultra exclusive car coat (the scarcity of buffalo assures exclusiveness) from the hides.

One new experiment with an old history is also going forward. Buffalo wool recently was sent to enterprisers in Toronto who wove it into knitting wool from which a couple of ties and some other yarn were made. An attempt is being made to find a market for the buffalo wool and, interestingly enough, those forwarding the experiment are not aware that they are following in the old footsteps of Governor George Simpson and the Red River Settlers who failed in their effort to make of buffalo wool an article of commerce over a hundred and twenty-five years ago (as described in *The Beaver*, Summer 1959).

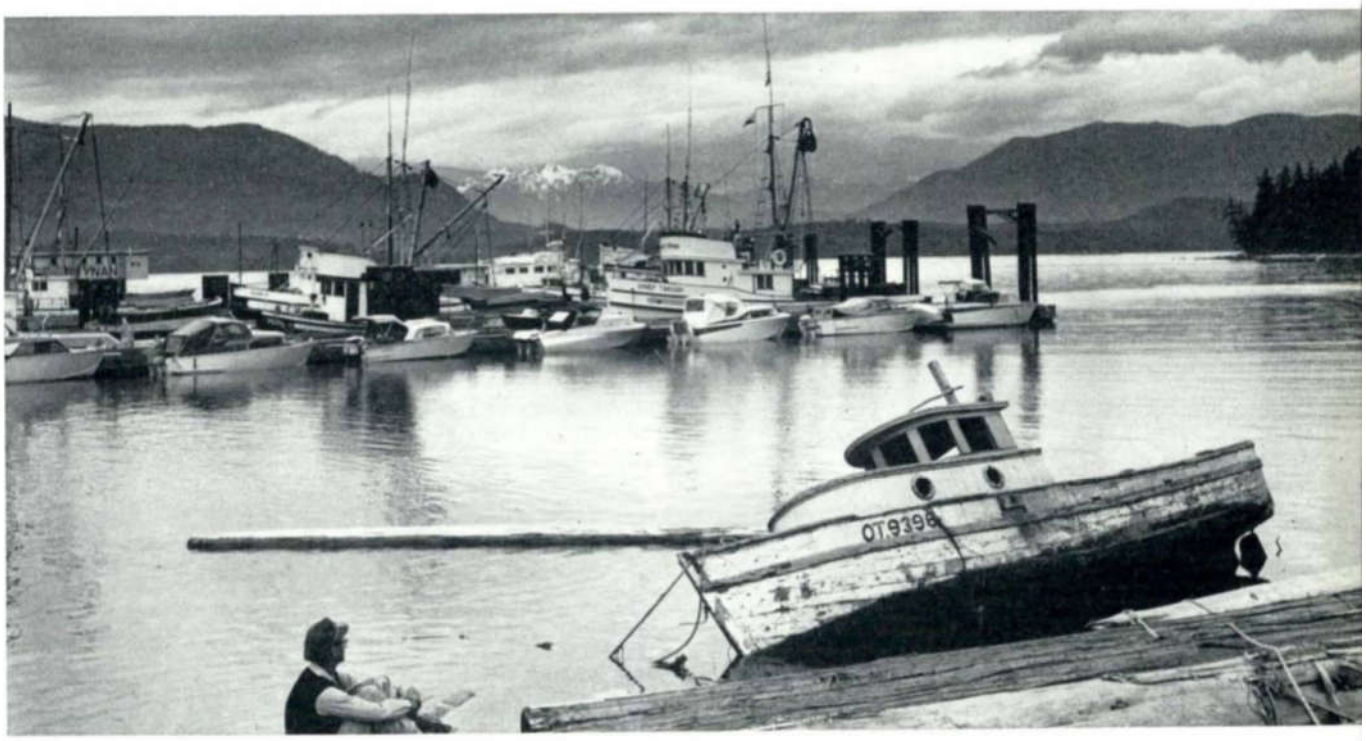
The role of the buffalo on the Slave River flats is different in detail today to the role played in the fur trade days and in the later era on the Great Plains. The animal is, however, once more a primary economic stimulant in a developing pioneer economy. To this extent the new role of the buffalo is a very old one. ◆

CRUISING NORTH

Small boats take the Inside Passage from Puget Sound to Skagway on an experimental 'Northern Lights' cruise.

BY TERRY PETTUS

Photographs by Bob and Ira Spring

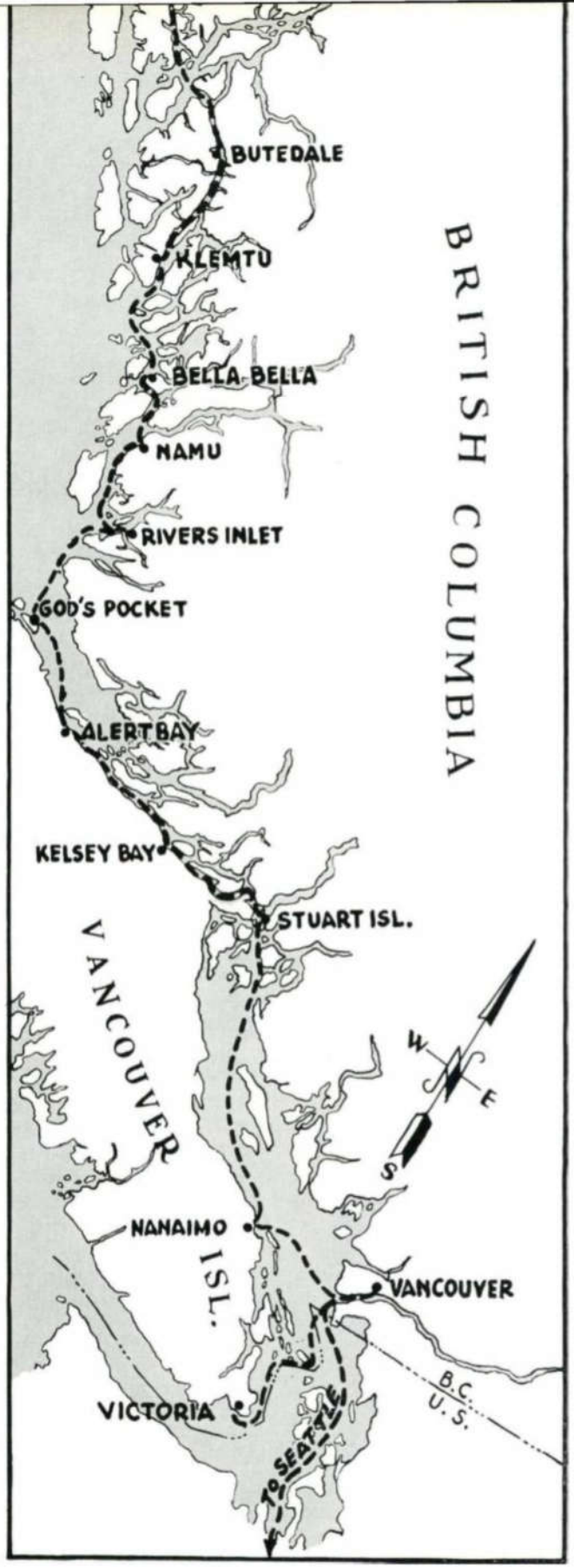


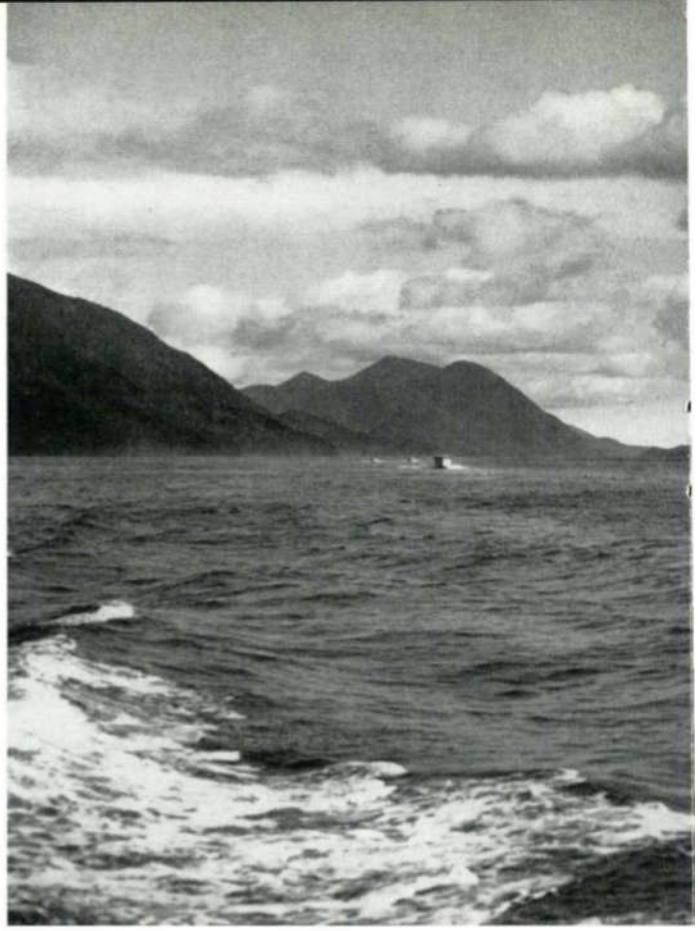
Outboards mingle with fishing fleet at Alert Bay, Vancouver Island.

WHAT is probably the longest and certainly the most northerly salt water small boat cruise route in the world—from Puget Sound to Skagway, by way of the ruggedly beautiful Inside Passage and the serrated coastlines of British Columbia and Alaska—is now taking its bow as the newest of the Pacific Northwest's famed recreational attractions.

It was a long time in coming (the route was charted for the British Admiralty by Capt. James Cook in 1778), but last summer an exploratory flotilla of eleven outboards in the 17-foot to 23-foot class demonstrated that under certain conditions this primitive nautical empire can be a safe as well as excitingly happy cruising ground for small pleasure craft.

After many years in newspaper work Mr. Pettus is now freelancing, his main interests boating (he lives on a houseboat) and history of the Northwest.





In Tolmie Chan

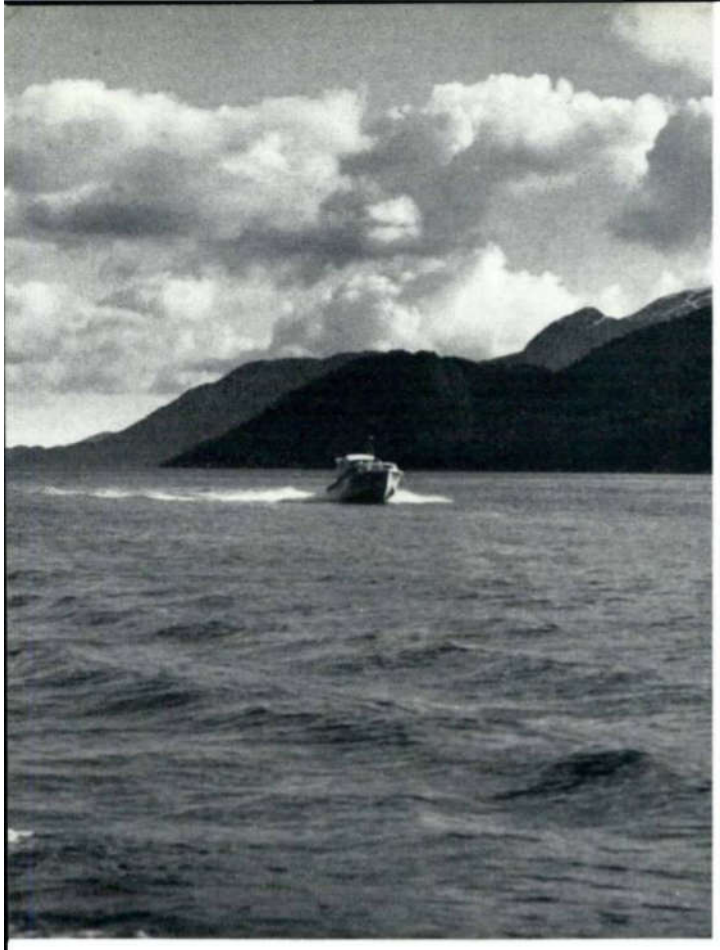
This successful pioneering venture was sponsored by the Puget Sound Outboard Cruising Club whose members, along with many others, believed that it was possible to overcome the very real difficulties which have kept these international waters out of safety bounds for outboards. The problem was collectively tackled, and years of salt water experience was distilled into a three-part formula.

It was agreed that the small boater could enjoy the beauty and adventure of these northern waters without undue risk or recklessness if (1) the boats were properly equipped, (2) they cruised in groups, and (3) the skippers followed to the letter the basic rules of careful seamanship.

Invitations outlining the project were sent to other clubs. The response ranged from enthusiastic acceptance to polite skepticism. The day came when eleven small cabin cruisers, which had met the rigid requirements, chugged out of Seattle's Shilshole Bay on the great adventure. All were manned by husband and wife (skipper and mate) crews. Five of them flew the blue and red burgee of the Puget Sound Club, three came by trailer from California, and one each from Wyoming and North Carolina.

Thirty days later, with more than 2,000 miles of salt water under their keels, the flotilla returned to announce proudly that the frontier waters north to Skagway were no longer the monopoly of large craft. A new and exciting dimension had been added to outboard cruising.

The actual route taken from Nanaimo was across to Pender Harbour on the mainland and north by Malaspina Strait.

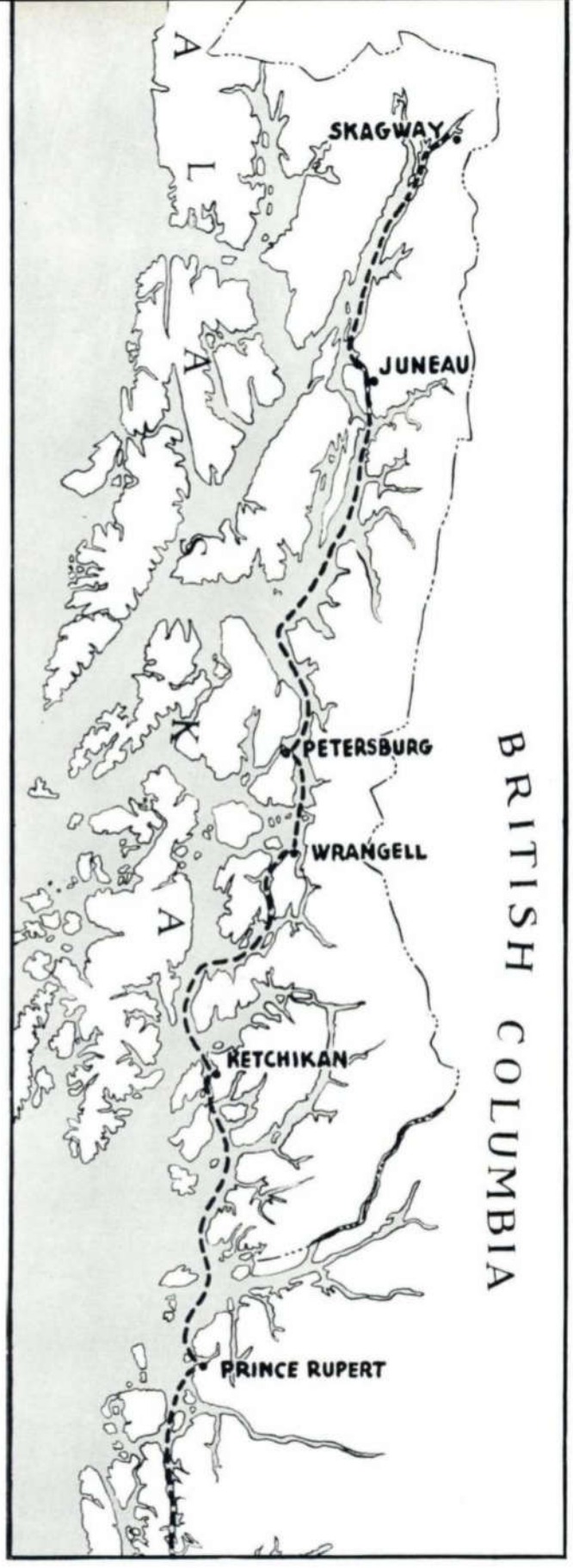


el, near Butedale.

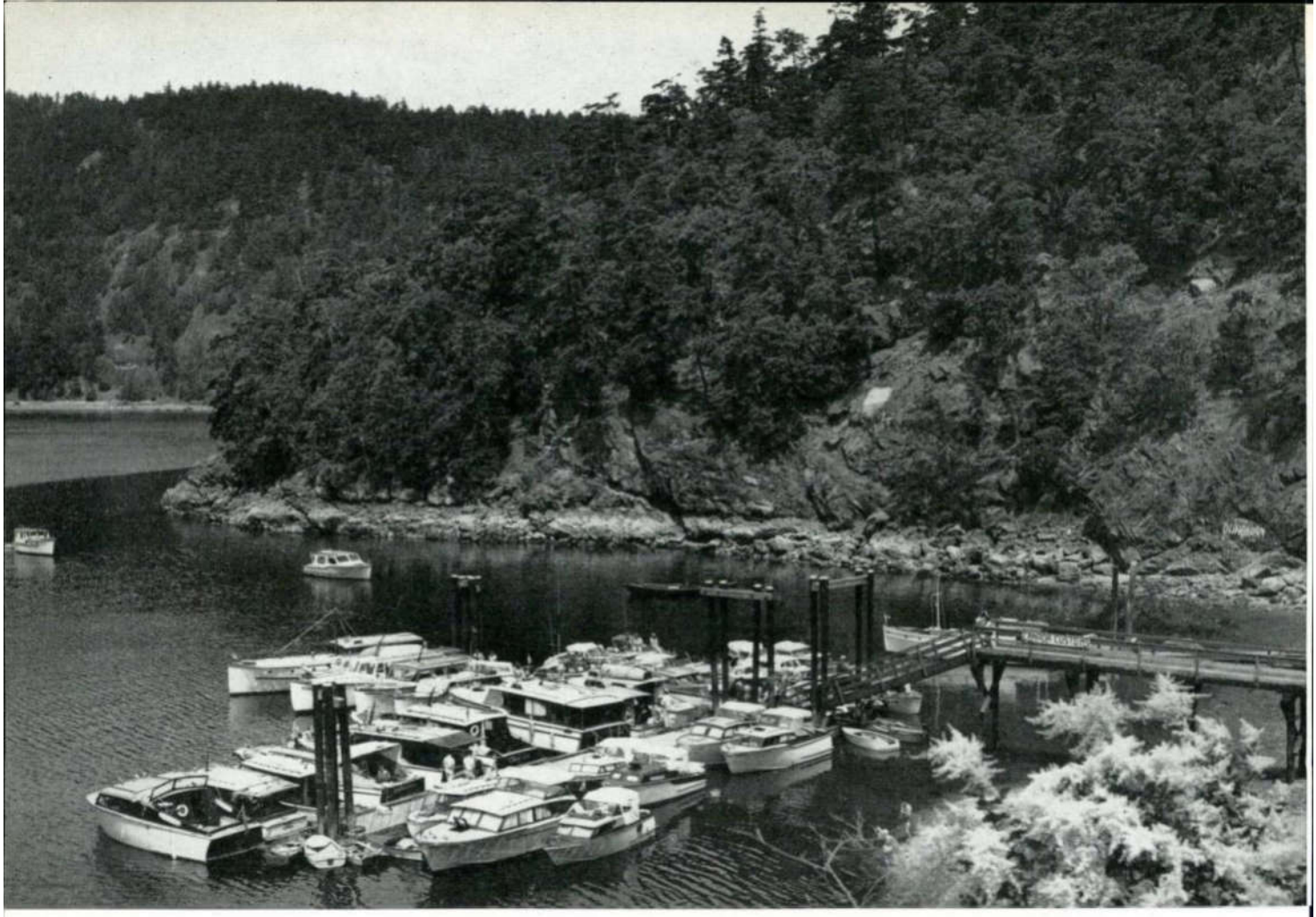
"Of course, small boats, even canoes, have made this trip many times in the past," said W. G. Dorffler, club officer whose 20-foot *Billann* served as the flotilla's No. 1 radio boat. "It could probably be done on a raft, if anyone was foolish enough to try it. Our objective was to demonstrate the conditions under which these international waters can be enjoyed by the small boater who wants adventure without recklessness."

En route from Shilshole Bay to Nanaimo (139 miles to the north) the flotilla cleared Canadian customs at Roche Harbour, and pulled into Bedwell Harbour for a courtesy call. Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, is as salty a port as you will find and the natural "launching pad" for the far north. It is from Nanaimo that the great adventure really gets under way with the 30 miles of open sea across the Strait of Georgia to Pender Harbour. The route then pushes steadily northwards, 67 miles to Stuart Island—34 to Kelsey Bay—40 to Alert Bay—32 to God's Pocket, the name used for years by the people of this natural, snug little harbour adjacent to the light-house, store and gas pump. Then across to the mainland, 40 miles to River's Inlet—29 to Namu—24 to Bella Bella, and 36 to Klemtu.

These are remote and picturesque Indian villages and cannery settlements where visitors quickly learn from their own experience that the fabled hospitality of the fron-



Mileages: Klemtu to Butedale 39—Prince Rupert 99—Ketchikan 92—Wrangell 84—Petersburg 41—Juneau 106—Skagway 84.



The flotilla ties up at Bedwell Harbour on Pender Island in the Strait of Georgia.

tier still lives. River's Inlet, Namu, Bella Bella and Klemtu are adjacent to what have long been the most valuable salmon fishing waters in the world. From Klemtu, it is a 39-mile cruise to Butedale, noted for the falls which, from a distance, give the illusion of a glacier creeping into the ocean. Butedale is the fueling and supply point for the first really long hop, 99 miles to Prince Rupert.

Such a jump along uninhabited shores brings home the need for the flotilla to be self sufficient and shows why soloing by small boats carries a deck-load of risk. The crews were equipped to make their own repairs, carried necessary tools as well as such spare parts as extra propellers, spark plugs, shear and cotter pins, sets of points, filters, bowls, clamps and washers, and extra steering cable. Parts and mechanics are available at Nanaimo, Prince Rupert, Juneau, Petersburg and Skagway, although in an emergency help can be summoned by radio.

Prince Rupert is exposed to the broad sweep of the North Pacific through the 35-mile-wide Dixon Entrance. Here the swirling waters of the Skeena, one of British Columbia's scores of rivers, merges with the ocean. This is a popular lay-over point, for the harbour is sheltered and the city boasts a fine collection of totems and trophies of the Tsimshian and proud Haida Indians who once roamed up and down this coast in their huge war canoes.

It is a comparatively sheltered 92 miles from Prince Rupert to Ketchikan, the first Alaskan port of call. Here both Canadian and United States customs offices are maintained. Contrary to popular conceptions about the geography of the northland, Alaska, from Ketchikan to Skagway, is a narrow coastal strip adjacent to British Columbia and not Yukon Territory. The province comprises 366,255 square miles and is larger than the combined areas of the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Denmark.

From Ketchikan, the route proceeds 84 miles to Wrangell and then another 41 miles to Petersburg. This is the jumping-off port for the longest non-stop hop of the entire route—106 miles to Juneau, capital of the brand new 49th state. There is nothing resembling a settlement along this desolate but beautiful shoreline.

The flotilla was notified by the Juneau Yacht Club that an emergency fuel cache was available at uninhabited Entrance Island, which lies almost midway between Petersburg and Juneau. As it happened, most of the boats did not have to use it. Both coming and going,

there was a happy combination of perfect water, very little wind, no fog and generally favourable tides. Just the opposite might have been the case, so a boat's fuel capacity for northern cruising is of the greatest importance. Using the low grade white gas, the only fuel available to outboards in British Columbia and Alaska, the 20-foot cruisers, with twin 35 h.p. motors, used 42 gallons each way on the Petersburg-Juneau run. They carried 80 gallons. For the entire trip average consumption was 729 gallons of gasoline and 121 quarts of oil.

This white gas is not an efficient fuel, tends to foul spark plugs, and will reduce top speeds as much as seven miles an hour. A safe rule of thumb for these waters is for the boater to determine consumption on a 100-mile test run, and then carry double that amount in either regular tanks or auxiliary containers. Also, always carry at least two extra gallons of oil.

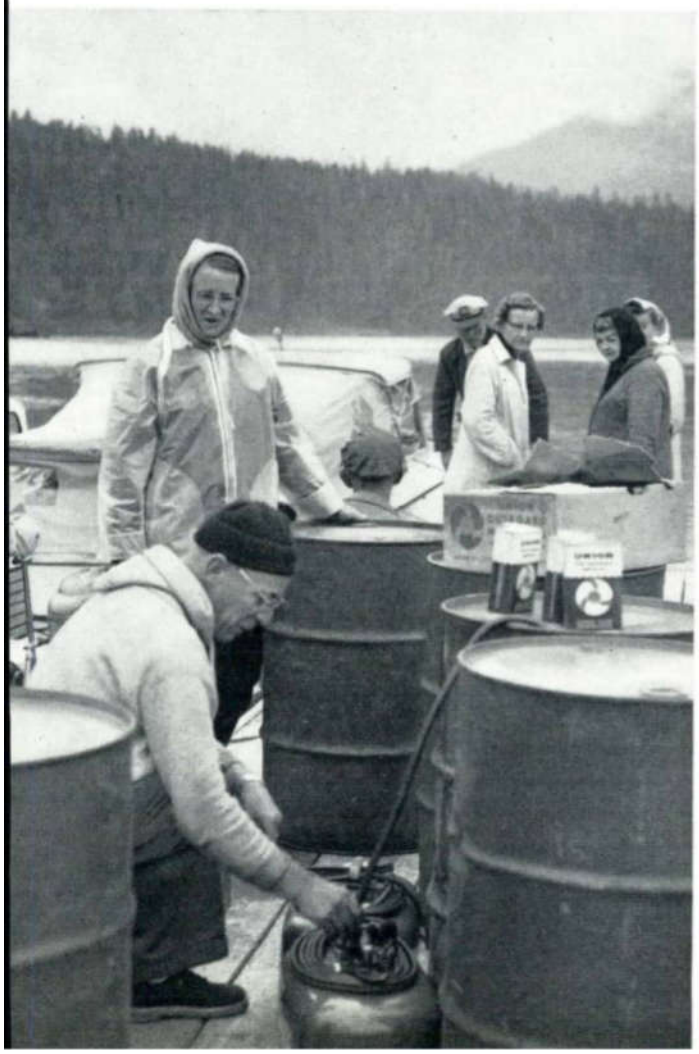
At Juneau, the flotilla was the guest of the city, then in the midst of its free-wheeling statehood celebration. Six of the boats remained while five pushed on 84 miles northward to picturesque Skagway, doorway to the fabled Klondike gold fields. This is definitely as far north as it is safe for small boats to cruise, even in groups. The flotilla returned to Puget Sound in two groups and set, unwittingly, the recommended organizational pattern for future cruises. It is suggested that if flotillas of twelve to fourteen cruisers divide into early and late shifts, with a two-hour sailing differential each morning, annoying congestion and delays at fueling points can be avoided.

With the development of the outboard from a noisy and not too reliable novelty into a purring and dependable marine power plant, the cruising capabilities of the small cabin boat has been enormously expanded. But on the "Northern Lights" cruise the kind as well as the amount of horsepower is important. Twin motors of 35 h.p. or better are a must, as the small boats not only have to buck heavy seas but rip tides which run as much as 12 knots. The reason for dual motors is obvious. If one failed, it was found that a boat could maintain the charted course even in rough water. It was also found that under tow a "one-legged" boat could maintain speeds of up to 10 knots in limping into port or shelter for repairs. There were several occasions when a single motor would have created hazards and real problems for the flotilla.

Friendly Indian boys investigate one of the boats at Port Edwards, B.C.

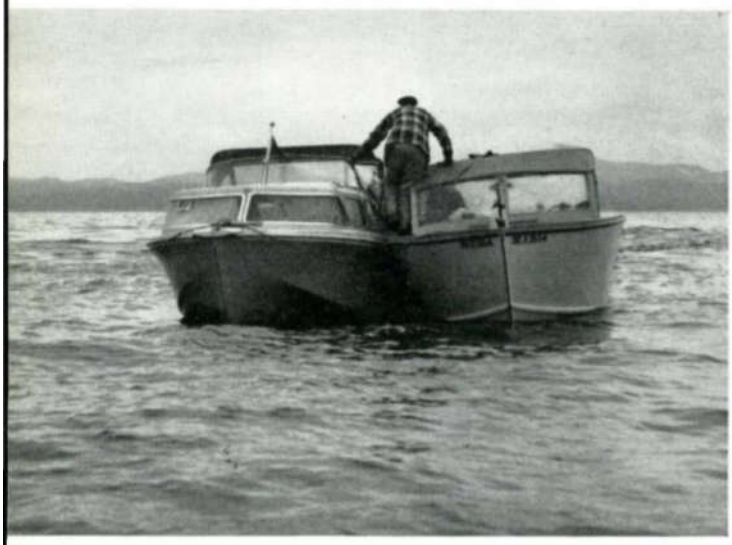
Even for a Sunday afternoon cruise on a placid lake, any boat should meet all governmental safety requirements. But for the far north this is merely the beginning point. In particular, the vest-type life preserver is an absolute must. While for small boats of this class the cushion preserver is rated as acceptable in the glacier-fed off-shore waters of the north country, their safety margin is dangerously narrow. Any preserver requiring a hand grip quickly becomes useless in water temperatures which produce crippling numbness in fifteen or twenty minutes.

There are times when it is possible to sleep, snug, dry and warm, on an open deck, but in this country there is



The emergency fuel cache at Entrance Island between Petersburg and Juneau is tapped.

rain and fog and ocean spray, so for comfort and an enjoyable trip all boats should have canvas deck coverings. Clothing should include rain gear—parka and rubber pants—plus a warm windbreaker type of coat. But summer clothes are also in order, particularly for shore trips.



Break-down in Queen Charlotte Sound. With calm sea and nearby friend repairs were made on the spot.

It gets quite warm in the far north, even though one is only a hop, skip and jump from an ice-cap. Flannel pyjamas will be welcomed by those who must get out of the bedroll to check mooring lines or anchors.

Most visitors quickly adapt themselves to going to bed in broad daylight. The phrase "Land of the Midnight Sun" is a factual description, not poetic fancy. In the summer months in these latitudes the sun is up twenty or more hours daily and this also has some real compensations. Considerable time can be spent awaiting a break in the weather or favourable tides and there will still be sufficient daylight for the day's scheduled cruise.

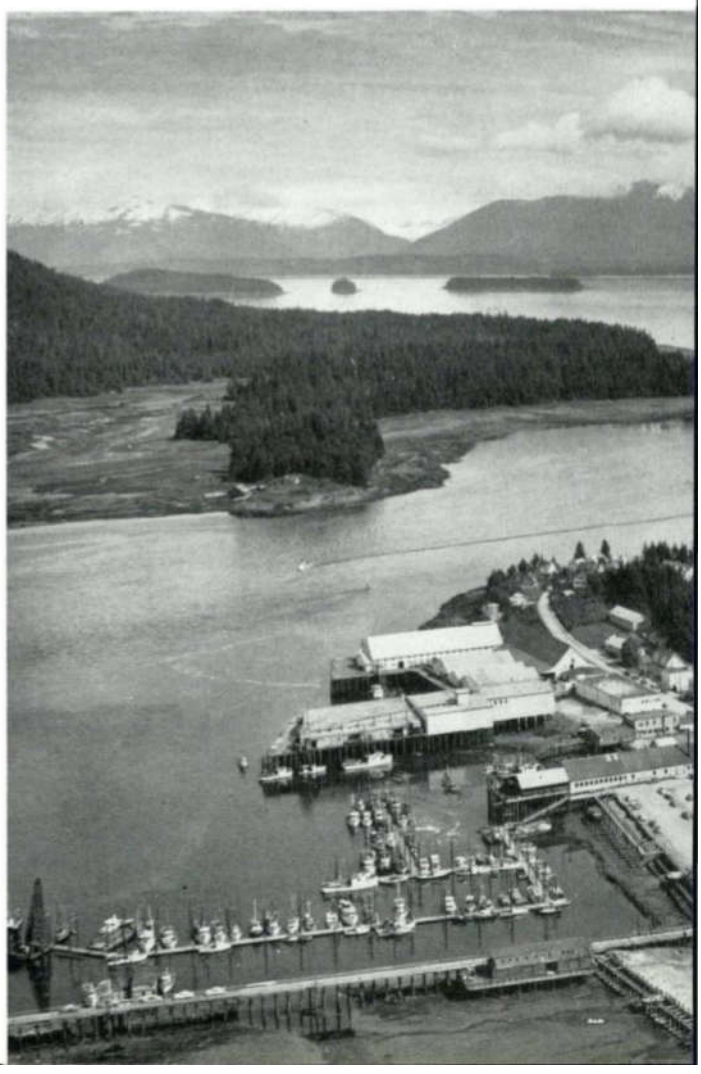
In this country, however, there is no pulling into marinas or shoreside restaurants for meals or snacks. Boats should be equipped with cooking and table utensils, and a well-secured two-burner stove. Food can be purchased, at reasonable prices considering transportation costs, at all the stops, but to meet an emergency boats should always carry a four-day supply of food and drinking water. The waters and beaches will provide a variety of succulent supplements to the regular rations. All the fish you want (particularly salmon and halibut) as well as crabs, oysters and clams, can be had for the taking.

"When the tide is out, the table is set," still holds true.

Those who pioneered the group "Northern Lights" cruise say it will be safe as well as pleasurable for those who follow, just as long as boaters put into daily practice the precepts of the old maritime adage: "A skipper who keeps his ship out of trouble never takes anything for granted."

"We always planned and were prepared for the worst, and so it never happened," is the way Dorffler describes the practical application of this theory. The basic navigational guide is the authoritative Marine Atlas of the Northwest. The skippers went into daily huddles to chart the next day's course. They went over charts, checked compass deviations and tide and current tables. Attention was paid to designated rendezvous points in case of separation. Also bays and inlets along the route were selected as possible shelters in case the unpredictable westerly winds (which train in the China Seas) should go into a summer tantrum.

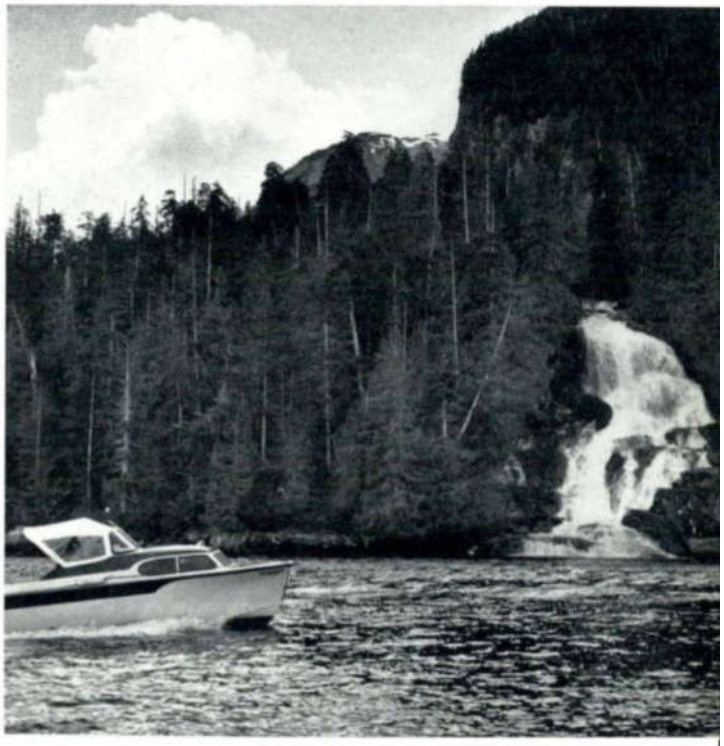
It was also found that the safety and enjoyment factor in group cruising is often just as good as the ship-to-ship communications. Only five of the eleven cruisers were



equipped with radio phones. Under the most favourable conditions this caused avoidable delays. In fog and rough seas, unnecessary risks resulted. All boats making this cruise should be equipped with ship-to-shore radio.

These are historic waters and the logs of the early explorers are replete with accounts of the capricious weather. Today's boaters have a decided advantage. The weather has not changed, but man's knowledge of it certainly has. Detailed reports, for every leg of the cruise route, go back for more than half a century. A study of these shows that for the small boat the water and weather and winds are on their best behaviour from June 1 to August 15. This ideal period for small boat cruising can be stretched a wee bit at either end. The cruise from Puget Sound to Skagway can be leisurely made in a month, if one sternly resists the many tempting side trips. The cost, which can be something under $500 for two, is not the least of the attractions.

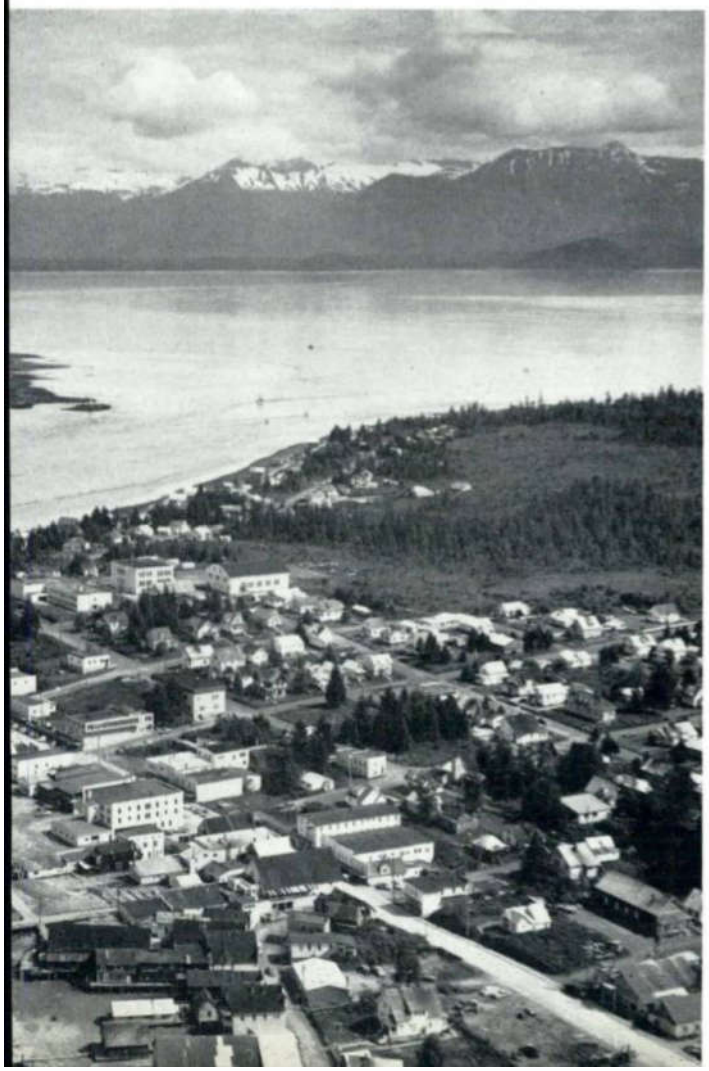
Groups who have the time and the money can spend the entire season in these northern waters, and then start home with many places yet to be explored. The British Columbia coastline is an example of the almost innumerable bays, inlets, and rivers which beckon to the boater to come in and look around. On the spot, it is easy to see why one author described the beauty of these waters as a "magnified copy" of the world-famous Norwegian fjords. The bare statistics give a faint idea of the mileage a boat can log. While it is only about 750 miles between the northern and southern extremities of the Province, British Columbia has a measured coastline of 7,700 miles. And a small boat is capable of negotiating virtually every foot of it.



The plastic boat is stopped so the occupants can admire a waterfall in a northern channel.

The "Northern Lights" cruise presents the outboarder with an exciting challenge, and a rare opportunity to cruise in the wake of such great captains as Vitus Bering, Juan Perez, John Meares, James Cook and George Vancouver—daring men who made history in risking their lives and their ships in waters where the paths of empire of Russia, Spain and Great Britain crossed and often collided.

The trailer has liberated the small boat from the confines of local waters. Each year these boats, whose "moorage" is a back yard or a garage, take to the road. This summer an increasing number of them will be seen on the highways leading to waters of the Pacific Northwest. ◆



Petersburg, Alaska. The Coast Mountains on the mainland in the background.

SYSTEM AND REGULARITY

BY ALICE M. JOHNSON

Archivist of the Hudson's Bay Company

"SYSTEM and regularity." Governor Simpson often used these words when assessing a fur trader's ability, and the records he has left, both in quantity and quality of content, are evidence that he himself practised system and regularity during the whole of his energetic career of forty years in the Hudson's Bay Company.

It must not be thought, however, that Simpson introduced office organization into the Company. Far from it, for at the London end of the business a succession of most efficient secretaries and accountants to the Governor and Committee had, from quite early times, compiled and preserved numerous series of informative and neatly-kept records of the Company's transactions.

The Company in London laid down rules for the kinds of records to be kept by its employees in the fur-trading territories, and these rules were followed with varying degrees of success. Understandably, the men overseas would have been of a completely different type from their London colleagues, who spent the greater part of their lives perched on high office stools. Abounding good health, and the physical and mental abilities to withstand the rigours, hardships and loneliness of life in the Indian territories, were as much first requirements for the fur trader as was education. The standard of education among the Company's officers and servants varied: the journals and letters written by them are proof of this. A number of the most able and successful traders compiled records which must have caused irritation and annoyance to their more methodical London colleagues, and which, today, leave the student of Fur Trade history unsatisfied and

George Simpson books in the Company archives. In front is the famous Character Book, with the key.

frustrated. Desk work must have been a nuisance to such men, and in any case, it could never have occurred to them that their letters, reports and accounts would, in the distant future, be studied avidly and valued highly for any ray of light they might shed upon the history of the early days of the Canadian West.

George Simpson had had several years' experience in a London counting-house when he was recommended by a member of the Hudson's Bay Company Committee as a fit man to take the place of Governor William Williams

Numbers 3 and 4 Fenchurch Street, London, in 1854, which Simpson knew as Hudson's Bay House. From a watercolour by T. C. Dibdin in the Company archives.

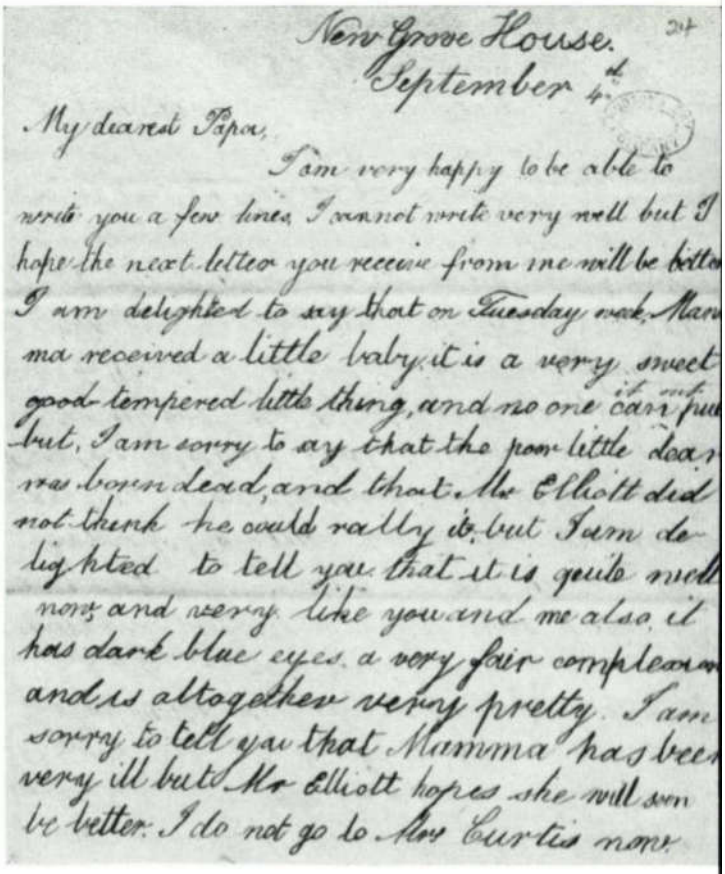
if that gentleman should be arrested, as threatened, by the North West Company. Williams was not, in the event, arrested, but a man of ability was needed to carry on the Company's campaign in Athabasca against the Nor'Westers, and George Simpson, though a complete greenhorn to the Fur Trade, undertook the task with zest. In many senses it was a long way from sugar-broking near the Tower of London to fur trading at Fort Wedderburn in competition with formidable opponents at Fort Chipewyan, but he was full of confidence and quickly mastered the details of a new and, to him, exciting, business.

Following a long-established tradition of the Fur Trade, Simpson kept a journal in which he also entered copies of his correspondence. A great deal of the information that went into this document must, of necessity, have been culled from the brains of his subordinates, and this must also have been true of the detailed report which he addressed to the Governor and Committee in 1821, but nevertheless both documents reveal the newcomer's habits of "system and regularity," and also, of "oeconomy." These records of the last quarrels prior to the coalition of the rival companies in 1821—the first Simpson compiled as "their Honors' most obedient and humble servant"—set a standard which he followed consistently for the next forty years. Both documents were published by The Champlain Society and The Hudson's Bay Record Society in 1938.

But this journal and report were not the first of Simpson's writings to reach the reading public. The first was, of course, his *Narrative of a Journey Round the World in the Years 1841 and 1842*, which was published in two volumes in both London and Philadelphia in 1847. Part of the original manuscript is in the Company's archives. It is in the writing of his then recently-engaged secretary, Edward Martin Hopkins, who accompanied Simpson across North America and who, like himself twenty years previously, was completely new to the Fur Trade. Hopkins wrote from Simpson's dictation and, half-way through the journey, when the time came for the amanuensis to leave for England, his master remarked that he would be missed. Lack of time and bad eyesight would not allow Simpson to write lengthy daily entries for himself. It was to be a few years before the journal reached the reading public, but in that time Simpson had the help of the Company's secretary, Archibald Barclay, Adam Thom of the Red River Settlement, and perhaps some others, in the editing and preparation of the manuscript for publication. But the original journal is unmistakably the work of Simpson himself.

One other of his journals is also well known to students of Fur Trade history: that is the one covering his rapid

One of the few personal items—a letter from Simpson's eldest daughter, Frances, written from London in 1841 and addressed to her father in the Sandwich Islands, on his world journey. The baby mentioned was Augusta D'Este.



New Grove House.
September 4th
My dearest Papa,
I am very happy to be able to write you a few lines I cannot write very well but I hope the next letter you receive from me will be bette I am delighted to say that on Tuesday wak Mam ma received a little baby it is a very sweet good tempered little thing, and no one can pu But, I am sorry to say that the poor little boy was born dead, and that Mr Elliott did not think he could rally it, but I am de lighted to tell you that it is quite well now and very like you and me also it has dark blue eyes a very fair complexion and is altogether very pretty. I am sorry to tell you that Mamma has been very ill but Mr Elliott hopes she will soon be better. I do not go to Mrs Curtis now.

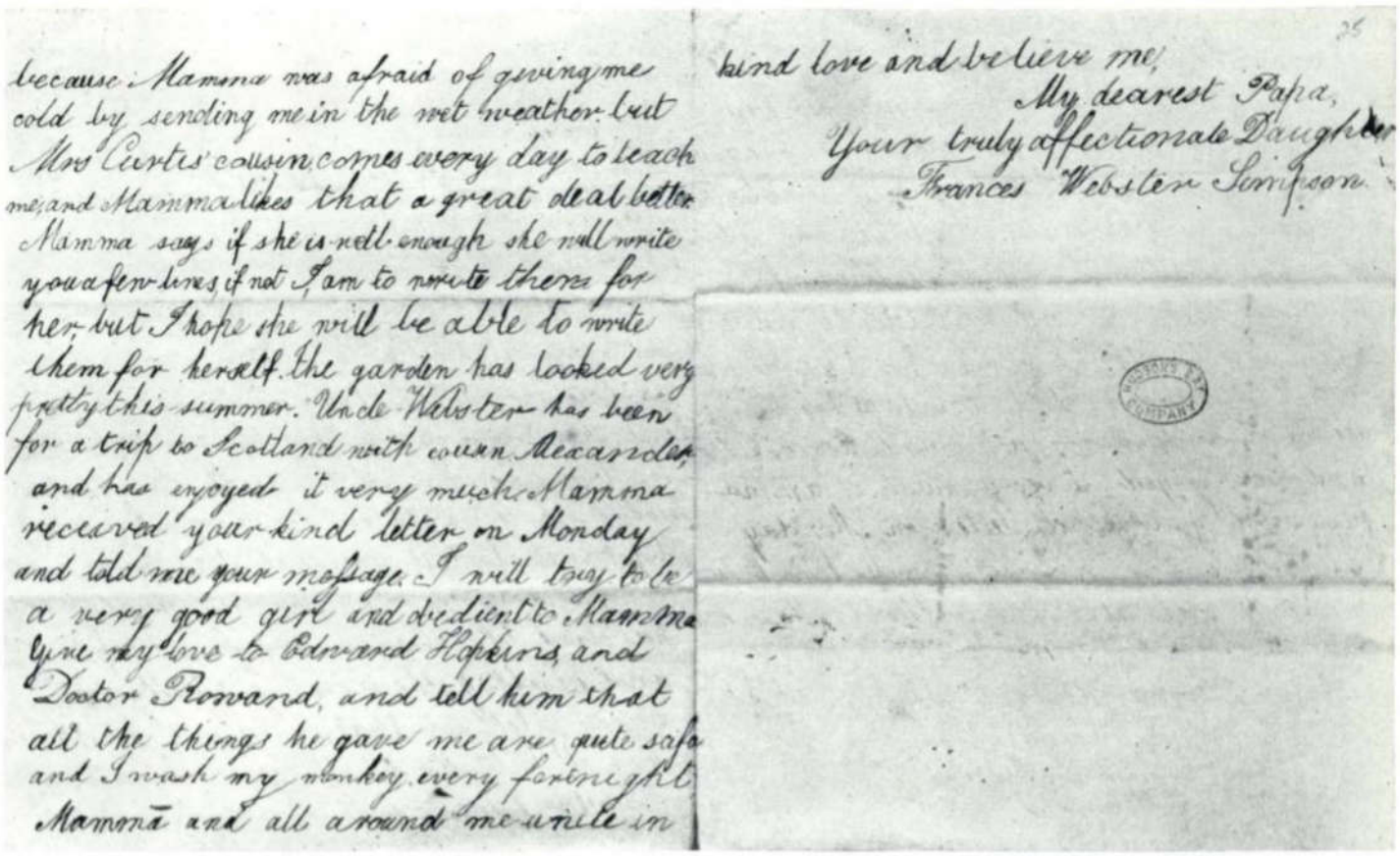
journey of 1824 from York Factory to the mouth of the Columbia River and his return in 1825, which was edited by Professor Frederick Merk in 1931 under the title of *Fur Trade and Empire*. These are the most outstanding of the few journals kept by Simpson which have survived in the Company's archives.

A great part of the Simpson collection consists of originals and duplicates of the dispatches he wrote to the Governor and Committee, and of copies of letters to people both inside and outside the Fur Trade. These letters reveal the character of the man himself in a most startling way, and the information they contain on innumerable subjects is of immense value to the historian. The letter books themselves are, for the most part, shabby looking from age and constant use. The books were quite obviously chosen for their utility and, following Simpson's rule of "oeconomy" in all things, there are few blank or wasted spaces in them. Most of the books, fortunately for the staff of the Archives Department, who have occasion to consult them almost every working day, do contain contemporary indexes of addressees, but a subject index for quick reference is a gigantic task which still remains to be tackled.

Simpson adopted in 1854 the press-copy method of duplication that has become the bane of all archivists and historians. This method of obtaining duplicates of letters on wet tissue paper from the original letters written in copying ink, had the advantage of saving copying time and storage space, but in the course of the years "flimsy" copies fade and pages often become almost as blank as they were originally, and the help of an ultra violet lamp is needed to reveal the written word. On the whole, Simpson's "flimsies" have withstood time better than others in the Company's collection, due no doubt, to the efficiency of Edward Martin Hopkins, who was his secretary from 1841 onwards. Hopkins was, so far as we are aware, the first one to take Simpson's dictation in shorthand, and some of the shorthand notes of this London trained amanuensis have survived, but the system he used is yet to be identified.

Previous to Hopkins there had been other confidential clerks or secretaries, among them Donald Ross, and their handwriting appears in most of the letter books and in the original letters which were signed by Simpson himself. But Simpson's distinctive hand is also to be found and there are drafts that show that whilst he was in London, when he had a seat on the Board, he would relieve the Company's secretary of the duty of drafting "their Honors' " instructions to himself. But it must be emphasized that they were indeed the instructions of the Board which Simpson drafted on these occasions.

Hundreds of letters received by Simpson have been preserved and they provide a treasure trove of information on innumerable subjects, mostly connected in some way or other with the Fur Trade. These letters were, until the late 1920s, kept as they had been originally "filed," that is, folded and in bundles, according to the recognized office system of Simpson's time. They have all now been opened and are arranged in chronological order and so are much more accessible. The chief factors, chief traders and others wrote to Simpson as regularly as circumstances allowed. Some of them sent two letters to him by the same express, and the searcher omitting to read to the end of the second and private letter, because it appears to cover the same ground as the official letter, is likely to miss the odd piece of information—perhaps just a piece of scandal—that helps to reveal the past. These letters from the officers and clerks, and the meetings he had with them at the annual Councils, or at their trading posts, provided Simpson with the mass of information which he digested and retailed to the Governor and Committee so concisely in his annual reports. He set the form for these reports as early as 1824, and they were sent with unfailing regularity each late summer or autumn to the Governor and Committee. They are one of the most valuable sources of Fur Trade history, and there is no other series in the Company's archives which in any way measures up to them.



because Mamma was afraid of giving me cold by sending me in the wet weather but Mrs Curtis' cousin comes every day to teach me and Mamma likes that a great deal better Mamma says if she is well enough she will write you a few lines if not I am to write them for her but I hope she will be able to write them for herself the garden has looked very pretty this summer. Uncle Webster has been for a trip to Scotland with cousin Alexander and has enjoyed it very much Mamma received your kind letter on Monday and told me your message I will try to be a very good girl and obedient to Mamma Give my love to Edward Hopkins and Doctor Rowand, and tell him that all the things he gave me are quite safe and I wash my monkey every fortnight Mamma and all around me unite in kind love and believe me,

My dearest Papa,

Your truly affectionate Daughter

Frances Webster Simpson

No paper or article on Simpson's records would be complete without reference to his "Character Book." A number of writers have referred to it and quoted from it. It was found among the Company's records in the late 1920s, during the early days of the Archives Department. The writing in the book was recognized as that of George Simpson, but since the men referred to under the headings of "1st Class" and "2nd Class" were numbered but not named, the book was of limited interest and use. Only clerks and postmasters were named in this little book, written throughout by Simpson himself in 1832 and clearly intended for his own use. Then, a little later, a key was found. This also was in Simpson's own writing on a sheet of foolscap paper. Immediately the book became of immense value to the student of the Fur Trade. Simpson's entries conjure up vivid pen pictures of the men who managed the Company's trade across a continent. Some of the judgments are harsh, but as Simpson had, in some cases, as much as twelve years' knowledge of his subjects, his remarks about them can hardly be considered as hasty. Prejudice and bias, no doubt, have to be taken into account, but certainly his opening remark about Chief Factor John McLoughlin, who superintended the Company's trade in the vast Columbia Department, was true. "A very bustling active man who can get through a great deal of business but is wanting in system and regularity." Students who have worked through the records left by McLoughlin can confirm with feeling the "want of system and regularity."

As might be expected from a man of such methodical habits, records of his private life were kept apart from his business papers, but a few—very few, considering his long career with the Company—have been acquired for the archives, and these should be of interest and help to the author of the definitive biography that will surely be written one day.

Simpson's records were well kept because of his good counting-house training when young, and because it was part of his make-up to be methodical. Every item of information from the Company's territories went through him; he knew everything, or almost everything, connected with the Fur Trade and the Fur Trade personalities of his day. During his career with the Company he saw many changes and he must have realized that a great future lay in store for the Canadian West, but did it ever occur to him how valuable and interesting his business papers were likely to become? Could he ever have imagined them being used for anything other than settling some query concerning the Company's affairs for the Company's own purpose? It is doubtful. Simpson wrote for the information of the Governor and Committee of his time, and if he gave a thought at all to posterity, it was to "their Honors' " heirs and successors, and not to future Fur Trade historians. ◆

Mina Benson Hubbard on her way across Labrador.

A WOMAN'S WAY

BY ALAN COOKE

The photographs are from Mrs. Hubbard's own book, which was published by the Ryerson Press in 1908.

FOR a young woman, recently widowed, to emerge from mourning to undertake a major exploration into unknown territory is an idea few of our grandmothers would have entertained. Mrs. Mina Hubbard, lately widowed was, however, a most unusual lady. Although in her pictures she appears lovely and so gracefully slim as to suggest fragility, she had a power of endurance well able to match her stubborn will. No more fittingly ironic humiliation has ever been the misfortune of an inconsiderate man than that of Dillon Wallace, beaten at his own game by the aggrieved widow whose husband's memory she felt he had offended.

Leonidas Hubbard had been an amateur sportsman and a professional journalist. Soon after his marriage in 1902, he became assistant editor of a popular magazine, *Outing*, in which his articles on wildlife and camping began regularly to appear. These offered dull treatment of well-worn topics and Hubbard did not feel he had in such material full scope for his talent.

He dreamed of a spectacular deed, some bold triumph that would cause a public sensation, bring his name to national attention, and promote his magazine's circulation. His own death by starvation was the result of the adventure he chose, but the story continues with a comedy of two subsequent and simultaneous expeditions along his planned route, one led by a surviving companion and the other by his widow. In planning, in performing, and in publishing the results of their separate trips, Mrs. Hubbard and Wallace each ignored the existence of the other with deliberation and success.

Three books tell the story, though some of the reading must be between the lines. *Lure of the Labrador Wild* was written by Dillon Wallace soon after his return from Hubbard's sad trip. An immediate success, it wrung many tears from a sentimental public with the pathetic account of a desperate journey and of the leader's noble death. *The Long Labrador Trail* tells of Wallace's second expedition. Mrs. Hubbard's book, *A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador*, includes as appendices the diary kept by her husband on the first trip and a supplementary account by the Indian guide, George Elson.

The incompletely explored George River of Ungava was chosen by Hubbard to be the scene of his wilderness adventure and to have the privilege of making him famous. From Hamilton Inlet on the Labrador coast, he intended to map the unexplored course of the Naskaupi River and, crossing the height of land, continue down the George River in northernmost Quebec. He hoped to see the caribou migration at Indian House Lake, where a band of Naskapi Indians annually gathered to make their autumn kill. If it then seemed unwise to continue north to Ungava Bay, he considered turning south to-

Mr. Cooke, who has travelled widely in the North, is assistant librarian of the Stefansson Collection at Dartmouth College.

Naskapi women and children, wearing woollen and deerskin clothing. One has a Montagnais cap. The tent covering is dressed skins, smoke-blackened at top.

wards the St. Lawrence or striking east to emerge on the Labrador coast.

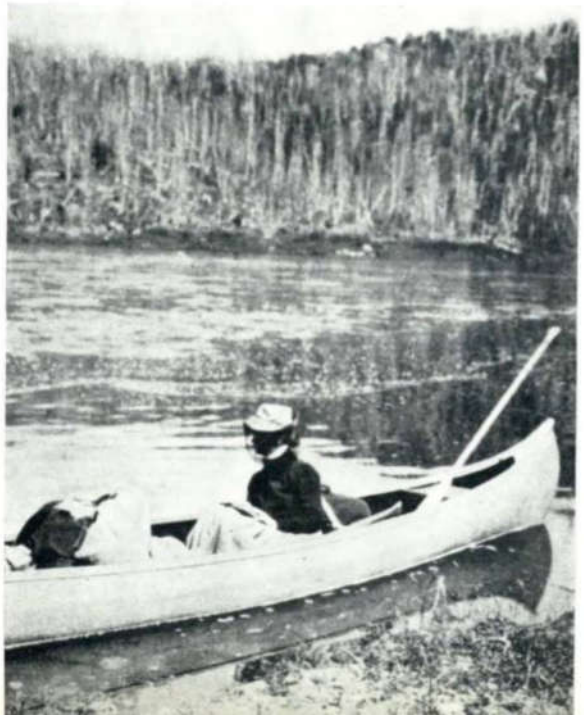
Hubbard invited his friend Dillon Wallace, a New York lawyer, and hired George Elson, an Ontario Indian of mixed blood, to accompany him. They left the little Labrador trading post of Northwest River on 15 July 1903, in an eighteen-foot canoe. The Indians who could have given precise information about the route were away hunting. The white and Eskimo population there knew nothing of the interior. "You'll never get back," was their best advice.

The very day of departure, at almost the first possible opportunity, the travellers took a wrong river. The sketchy information on government maps encouraged them in this tragic deception. Following the small, difficult Susan River instead of the Naskaupi, the party, their provisions, and the short summer were soon exhausted. By the end of July they had become seriously concerned, for they were in a desperate way. Because earlier they had eaten heavily of their provisions to lighten the burden, fish had become a necessity—but they had no net, only light rods. At last, on September 9th, nearly out of food, hardly more than skeletons in rags, they reached a point from which they could see Lake Michikamau on the height of land, shining in the distance like the promised land. This should have been their halfway mark. They never reached it. Impossible, they agreed, with the arctic winter almost upon them, to continue any further. They turned to retrace the slow, difficult way they had come.

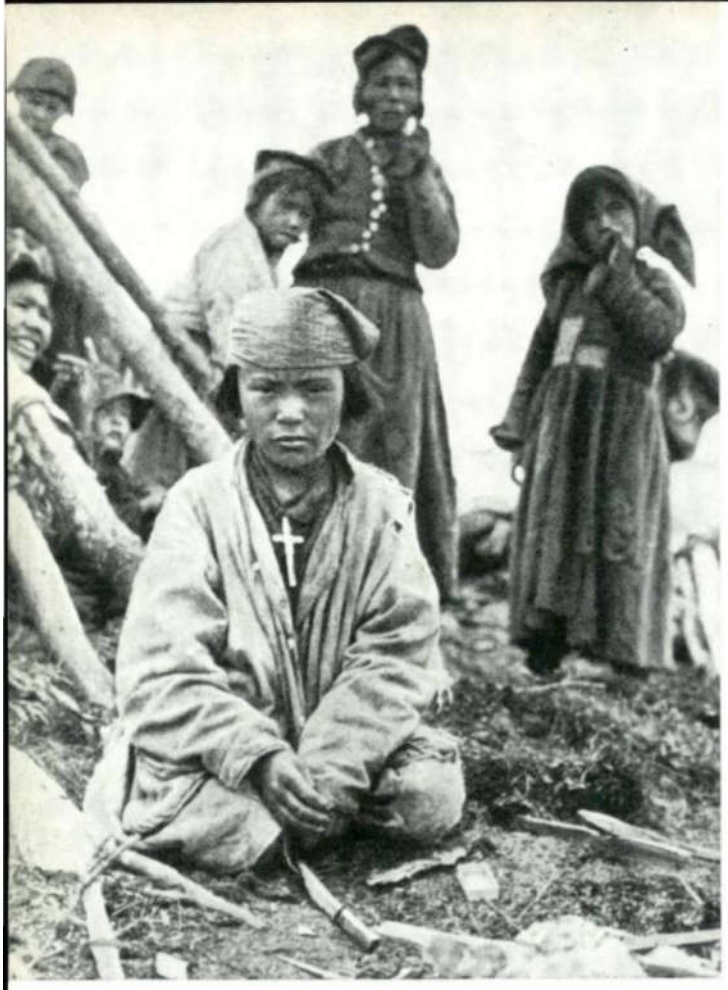
After the depressing acceptance of their failure to accomplish even half the proposed trip, Hubbard was still able to regard the situation with a journalist's optimism. "I think I'll get a bully story out of it despite our failure to find the Naskapis. I'll get more in freezing up, more in Northwest River people and more in the winter journey to God's country." He was only partly wrong. Wallace got the story, but his own winter journey was in fact to God's country.

The winter overtook them. They left their canoe and walked painfully through the deep snow. Hubbard grew progressively weaker and at last sent the other two ahead, hoping they could at least save themselves and, if possible,

The party travelled in two nineteen-foot canoes.



Drying caribou meat and mixing bannock.



Montagnais Indians—friendly but poor, living on fish while the hunters were away.

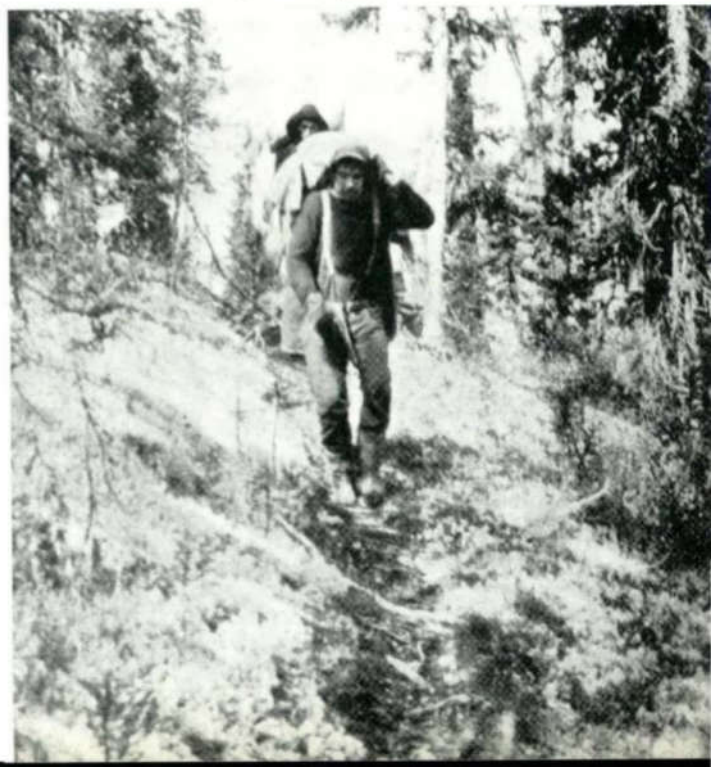
send help back to him. After a bitter struggle, Wallace and Elson reached a place where earlier in the season some mouldy flour had been thrown away. Wallace started back to Hubbard with some of this, while Elson continued. At the end of his heroic strength, Elson had the remarkable good fortune to meet a trapper, who quickly got help and returned along the trail. Wallace had collapsed and the rescue party found him barely alive, unable to be moved for a time. Hubbard had evidently died peacefully on the first night alone, his body preserved from animals in the tent beneath an accumulation of snow. Wallace and Elson passed the winter at Northwest River convalescing. Here Wallace's lack of consideration and his assumption of authority hurt and antagonized the man to whom he owed his life.

The publicity connected with this unfortunate trip was considerable. *Outing* had regularly featured dramatic announcements. Newspapers carried colourful and inaccurate accounts. In his book, contrary to Hubbard's later published diary account, Wallace made it appear that Hubbard had insisted on continuing despite his advice. *The Lure of the Labrador Wild* was probably written by a professional journalist, which may account for discrepancies. While not wishing to comment unfavourably on the dead, many explorers and travel experts made it clear that, as well as unlucky, in their opinion Hubbard had been ignorant, reckless, and ill-prepared.

Though Wallace had given the diary to the widow, he refused to hand over the photographs, maps and other field notes belonging to Hubbard. To Mrs. Hubbard, Wallace's emotional account and the news commentaries

Mrs. Hubbard has breakfast at the camp by Lake Michikamau.

There were many portages and many rapids along the Naskaupi and George Rivers.



were equally repugnant. Realizing any contrary statement would only promote the attention she deplored, she avoided any comment on Wallace's account or on the statements of others. However, when an opportunity came to deal directly with Wallace, whom she now greatly disliked, she took it eagerly.

As public attention abated, Wallace revived national interest by advertising his fixed intention to fill "the compact that in case one of us fall, the other would carry to completion the exploratory work." Disgusted by what he regarded as inconsiderate treatment of himself and of his leader's memory, George Elson refused to accompany Wallace on a second trip. The guide was, however, confident that he now knew enough of Ungava's geography to make the George River trip quickly and safely. He pointed out to Mrs. Hubbard an opportunity to score against Wallace of which she was quick to grasp the implications.

She decided to make the trip herself.

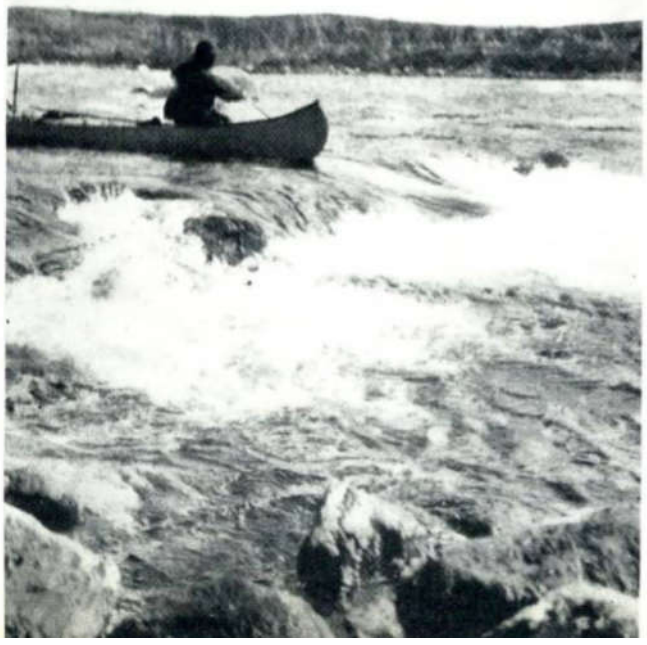
After a winter of preparation, both parties proceeded to Labrador in 1905, and left Northwest River trading post within twenty-four hours of each other. The remote settlement had never seen such activity and excitement. Wallace, who had "decided to sacrifice speed to thoroughness," took four companions in two canoes: A Boer war veteran, an Ojibwa Indian from Minnesota and two college students. Mrs. Hubbard's crew also numbered four: George Elson, who had general charge of the expedition; two Cree trappers, Iserhoff and Chapies from his own James Bay country, and a young local Montagnais, Gilbert Blake*. Both parties had between two and three times the amount of provisions taken on the first expedition. Wallace left first, but he was quickly passed by Mrs. Hubbard's more experienced paddlers. Her lead increased, for Wallace wasted about two weeks near the height of land making unnecessary portages.

The lady explorer's outfit must have been striking, even for the period. Her daily wear was "a short skirt [which didn't *quite* sweep the ground] over knickerbockers, a short sweater, and a belt to which were attached cartridge pouch, revolver, and hunting knife." A narrow brimmed soft felt hat and a pair of heavy leather moccasins reaching almost to the knees are mentioned. Besides four suits of underwear and five pairs of stockings, all wool, she took a rubber automobile shirt and a long, Swedish dog-skin coat which, according to illustration, enveloped her completely. She also took a blouse, "for Sundays." For the tent she brought an air mattress, a little feather pillow and a hot-water bottle. This last feminine inspiration has obvious merit. Almost certainly no one else had ever carried a hot-water bottle through Ungava.

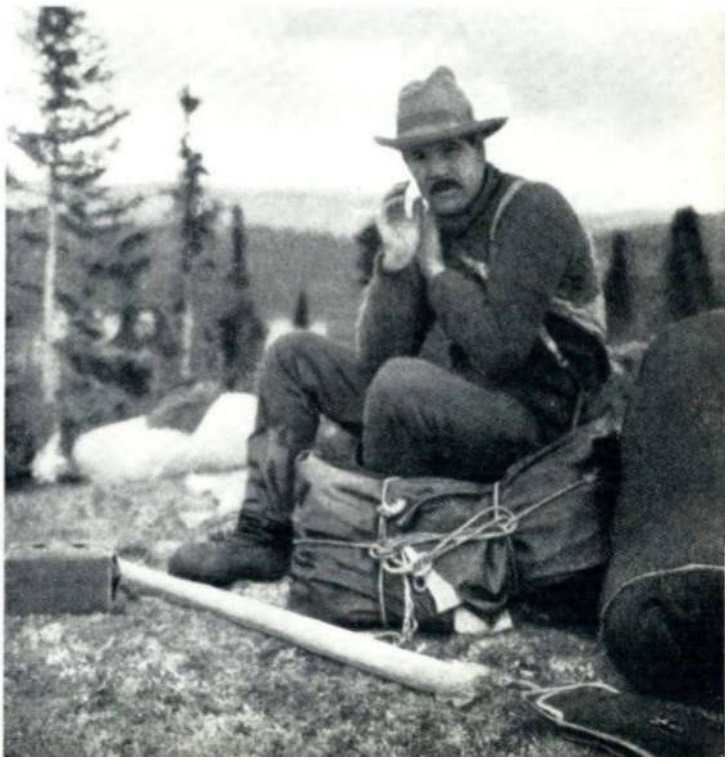
It is doubtful that Mrs. Hubbard fully realized the difficulty and danger of such a trip. It is likely she did not fully appreciate the amazing efficiency with which she was guarded and transported, having to endure no greater personal discomfort than a leaking hot-water bottle and the swarms of insects. Elson looked after her as a wayward child, commanding her to sit still while the men made a portage, forbidding her to stand at the river's edge with rapids below, keeping her in camp when bears were about, shielding her, in short, from all fore-

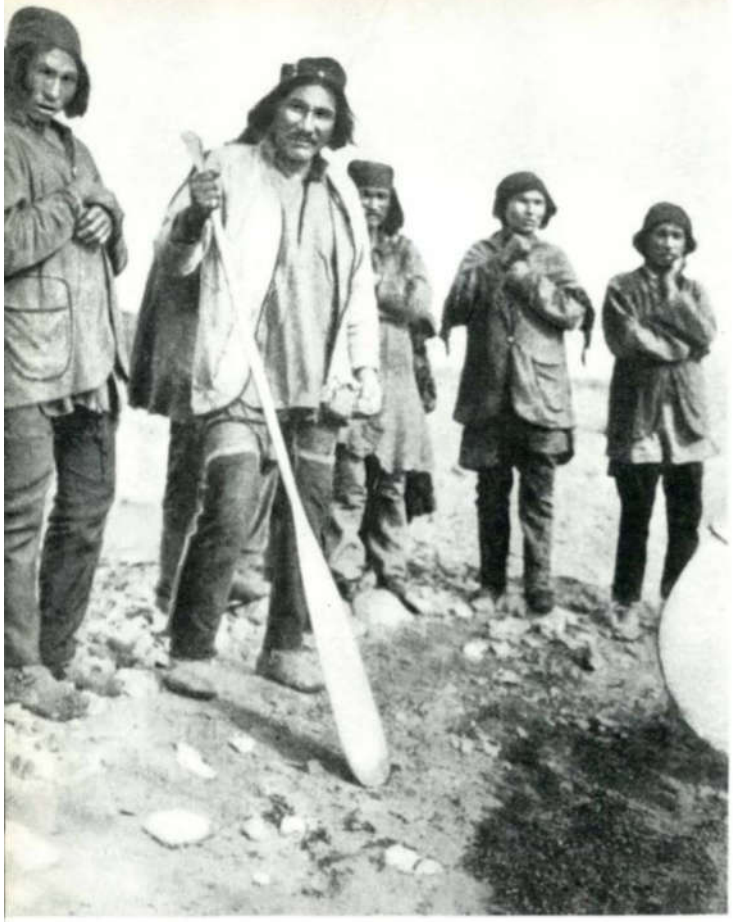
*In her book Mrs. Hubbard erroneously describes Gilbert as a half-breed Eskimo. Dr. Jacques Rousseau, formerly of the National Museum, knew Gilbert, who deplored the mistake.

Some rapids were run in the canoes.



George Elson, the guide from Rupert House, who was responsible for the success of the trip.





Naskapi chief and men, colourful in caribou clothing, red cloth leggings, coats bound in red or blue and bright kerchiefs.

seeable accident. The guide could not have taken his responsibility more seriously. In several anecdotes, our sympathy is with poor Elson rather than with the lady, especially on the occasion when she "ran away."

Growing restless under his restrictions, she got permission to climb a hill while a portage was being made. Enjoying her "freedom," at the end of her climb she fired her pistol, then dashed across a valley to the next hill-top. Thinking the shot meant trouble, the men raced through the underbrush up the one hill, then across to the other. Exhausted and greatly upset by her little joke, Elson gravely explained first, what a wretched experience it is to be lost, and then, putting the other side of the matter, he asked, "What would we do if you got lost or fell in that rapid? Just think what *could* we do? Why, I could never go back again. How could any of us go back without you? We can't ever let you go any place alone after this." Realizing finally the extent of the mens' concern, she tried that evening to comfort them by passing around the medicinal bottle of brandy.

To her dismay, they drank it all.

Although so carefully looked after as to make the trip seem in many ways only a rather difficult and prolonged excursion, her journey nonetheless required a great courage. In an unknown country which had earlier taken her husband's life, a young woman used to city life alone with four backwoods trappers, she had cause to lie awake on stormy nights, wondering if her bold idea would result in even more dramatic failure than her husband had met.

At the height of land, Elson pointed out in the panoramic view below landmarks which had been the scene of her husband's struggle. "So much of life and its pain," she wrote, "can crowd into a few minutes. Yet I had wished very much to see what he had shown me."

But this was no funereal journey. Rather to her surprise, she found the trip highly enjoyable and her account shows a lively, heart-warming enthusiasm. The forests and mountains they passed delighted her eye, she found a deep pleasure in the wildlife and an excitement in the daily variety of events. In early August she saw part of a great caribou migration across the George River. In mid-August a party of Montagnais Indians was met and, later, a band of the little-known Naskapis. Her observations are among the last we have of these natives in anything like their natural state. During their short visit among the Naskapis, she was flattered to note that one handsome young brave, more flirtatious than the rest, tried hard to engage her attention. From the Naskapis they learned that the end of the journey was very near. Fearing to miss the Hudson's Bay Company supply ship *Pelican*, they pressed on with new energy to Ungava Bay.

Young Naskapi children were dressed entirely in deerskins; long shirt with attached hood was typical.

Journey's end: Eskimos watch as Mrs. Hubbard steps out of her canoe on the slippery mud of George River, helped by John Ford of the H B C post.

Wallace, meanwhile, was not progressing so smoothly. At the height of land, he changed his mind about the relative merits of "thoroughness" and "speed" and sent back three men in one canoe, to continue with but one companion.

Near the end of September, in icy weather, his canoe overturned in rapids. The pair suffered greatly from exposure. In summer clothing, with little food, they raced the arctic winter to Ungava Bay and nearly lost. It was mid-October before they arrived at the lonely trading post at the mouth of the George River, which Mrs. Hubbard's group had reached in comfort a month before.

Doubtless the coolness of their meeting added something to the frigidity of the season but, because of their studied silence on this point, we know nothing about it. Concerning the geographical results of the trips, there can be no two opinions: those of Wallace are practically worthless. His map, compared to that of Mrs. Hubbard, is like a child's drawing, while his general observations are few and vague. Her story of the journey is at once better written, more interesting and far more informative than that of her rival.

When the *Pelican* arrived at the George River post, Wallace did not join Mrs. Hubbard in boarding it. Evidently he found the strain of their awkward relationship too great to be endured on the long trip home. We can see that he had reason not to look forward to a simultaneous welcome by newsmen. Going by boat to Fort Chimo, he bought a dog team and, when snow came, sledged east again to the Labrador coast and down to Nastashquan on the St. Lawrence north shore, a remarkable trip of about 2,000 miles.

The Hubbard-Wallace story stands as a study of behaviour and motivation as well as an extraordinary chapter in exploration. Wallace never thought deliberately to antagonize Elson and Mrs. Hubbard. Elson received no acclaim, yet on him the whole story depends. The guide's loyalty and ability were the comfort of Hubbard in his last days, the salvation of Wallace on the winter trek, and the means to triumph for Mrs. Hubbard. No one could have suspected to what geographical length she was prepared to go to establish what she thought was the right of the matter. Not only through unknown Labrador did this woman's way lead, but politely and gracefully, it led to the humiliation of one who she felt had not always behaved, to her and to her husband's memory, as a gentleman. Publishing her own and Elson's account with the diary of her husband, she presented all necessary information to the public and left the right or wrong of it to the reader to judge. •

RENAISSANCE OF THE INDIANS

By William I. C. Wuttunee

Born on the Red Pheasant Indian Reserve (Cree) near Battleford and now a barrister employed by the Saskatchewan Government, William Wuttunee, LL.B. is unusually fitted to present the views of the Indians. He has done much work on full citizenship rights, visiting most of the Chiefs in Saskatchewan to discuss voting and liquor privileges. Among his great grandparents were the brother of Cuthbert Grant and the Hon. Lawrence Clarke, Chief Factor and member of the Council of the North West Territories.

THE history of the treatment of the Indians of the Americas since earliest times has given the world its chapters of cruelty and sadness. In South America the infamous Conquistadores destroyed the ancient Indian civilizations. In North America the Indian Wars continued for many decades ending as recently as 1894.

The Indians of Canada have had their share of violence and cruelty. As recently as 1913 the last of the Beothuks died. These Indians formerly found in Newfoundland, were literally slaughtered like animals. There has not been as much apparent violence as in the south but rather a slow steady smouldering conquest in which the Indians found themselves overwhelmed by weight of numbers.

During the nineteenth century it was assumed that the 'Indian Problem' would solve itself through natural extinction. The scourge of the smallpox which decimated nine-tenths of the Chipewyan population towards the end of the eighteenth century, and tuberculosis which from the initial establishment of the reserves in 1874 to 1926 was considered to be in epidemic proportions among the Indians nearly made extinction a reality.

The Indians who had inhabited this country for unknown centuries were not destined to follow in the footsteps of the vanishing buffalo. It was not long before they began to have a tremendous growth in population. They have literally turned the tables on the mortality tables.

In the period from 1924 to 1958 the Indian population increased by 66 per cent from 105,000 to nearly 175,000. In Saskatchewan there is a rapid acceleration of growth. The increase has been computed at 9 per cent between 1941 and 1946, 15 per cent between 1946 and 1951, and 18 per cent between 1951 and 1956. In a three-year period from 1956 to 1959 the increase was as high as 21 per cent.

In recent years there has been a great change in the social and economic status of the Indians which has been brought about by a variety of factors.

The amelioration in their environment has been in the main attributable to a renaissance on the part of the government administration and the awareness of the population as a whole. The resurgence of interest in a welfare state and in better living and working conditions has done a great deal in slowly moving the Indians from a blanket of lethargical authority into a more active program of self-help and self-determination.

Community development has been suggested as a partial solution to the problems of depressed people. It is only being verbose to claim that Indians are a depressed people for it is an obvious fact. It is imperative that a program of community development be adopted with the joint co-operation of the federal and provincial governments.

Some pilot projects have been inaugurated in the native communities of Northern Saskatchewan with a great deal of success. These schemes have included co-operative trading stores and fish filleting plants and the idea of native participation has progressed to such an extent that natives can be found managing the stores and also forming the board of directors. These co-operatives are a prime example that projects can be developed so as to enable the native population to help themselves.

Integration of these people is desirable because a knowledge of the dominant society is necessary if they are to get along economically and socially. Equal opportunity will follow integration and of course integration cannot be accomplished without the removal of its barriers. These barriers exist in the reservation system which the Indians are reluctant to relinquish. Reserves are segregated areas under the Indian Act which prohibits trespassing.

The process of natural integration is too slow, as has been demonstrated in the past. If it is to be effective it has to be planned and assisted. If we assist the natural process by careful planning we must make sure that we do not force integration and thereby create a worse situation.

Reserves definitely restrict the opportunities of the Indians. They are cut off from the outside world and consequently develop only to a limited degree without outside influence and contacts which are so necessary. The oppor-

tunities for gainful employment and social outlets are limited and as a result the devil has work for idle hands.

Assistance in the form of relief by the federal government although a necessity tends to leave the people lazy and shiftless, instead of learning to be independent.

It is interesting to note the comparative incomes of Indians and non-Indians. In 1958 the per capita personal income for all the people in Saskatchewan was estimated at $1,245 and for the Indians at $208. The highest average Indian income was computed at $292 for the administrative region which includes the Sioux Reserve near Dundurn, the lowest $165 in the Touchwood Agency. In the Battleford and Pelly Agencies one-fifth of all income was relief.

The second obstacle to free movement to and from reserves is the enfranchisement provisions contained in the Indian Act. Enfranchisement is the official method whereby an Indian forsakes his way of life in order to take on the responsibilities of citizenship. An order of the Governor-in-Council is necessary to enfranchise an Indian and it must have the recommendation of the Minister. If the Indian is not so recommended there is no appeal. Upon his enfranchisement he gets a share of the band funds, a lump sum payment of treaty money usually of $100 which is the amount he would get in a period of twenty years as a treaty Indian. Once he is so enfranchised he may never return to his reserve except to visit. If he makes a success of himself there is no problem but if he should fail in the land of the whites he becomes a social outcast of both societies. He is scorned by his own people for daring to give up their way of life.

A resolution designed to abolish enfranchisement so as to permit free movement was presented at the last annual conference of the Federation of Saskatchewan Indians but was defeated with the usual expression of contempt for those who dare to give up "our Indian way of life."

There are many Indians who have given up the Indian way of life and by so doing find themselves unwanted by non-Indians and rejected by their Indian friends. Their problem is that of the leader who being born for a great destiny must of necessity walk alone. The taunts which they receive are many. "He is acting like a white man"; "your skin will never be white, it will always be brown"; "if God intended you to be a white man he would have made you one." These quips cut deep regardless of skin texture, sometimes forcing the complete casting off of either the white or Indian way of life.

It takes a long time before an Indian matures in his new culture. Until he has matured, he will be sensitive to any remark which tends to cast a reflection on his background unless he has developed a sense of pride. The pride which is needed can only be developed by an early appreciation of the history of the Indian people. The history which is taught in Canadian schools does not portray the true part played by the Indian in the past. Most western movies tend to depict the Indian as an underdog who always appears to be ruthless and savage, and so plant the seed of future misunderstanding and prejudice. Indians should not be content to rest on the laurels of their colourful past but at least their true past should be made the cornerstone of a bright future.

The traditional way of life of the Indians is well known and needs no comment. It is sufficient to say that theirs was a life which being close to nature possessed great spiritual quality. St. Francis of Assisi was a great lover of nature for it meant to him a closer attachment to God and so it is with the Indians that their love and attachment to nature gives to them spiritual qualities that are often misunderstood.

The hustle and bustle of a mechanized age, the rush and tumble of the white man's world with all its prejudices presents an insurmountable obstacle to many. This inescapable conclusion can be illustrated and confirmed by the number of Indians who have left their way of life to try the white man's, only to return to the freedom of their own way even if it lacks many amenities and comforts.

A wizened old man sitting on a street corner once said: "Look at the white man and his way of life and look at the boys of my reserve who have tried to live like him. They may for a time drive big cars, occupy offices and have lots of money but it is inevitable that they will give it all up and return to the reserve and their way of life. God made us the way he did for a purpose. He intended that we should follow the ways of nature and so this afternoon I will go fishing."

The white way of life to an Indian is a strange and binding way, where men respond to the gongs of a clock like puppets and where men usually seem cunning. A way of life cannot be forced upon them. They are a suspicious people and they will continue to be so until it has been unequivocally established to them that there is a sincere desire to contribute and add to their culture. It is apparent that all people cannot follow one way of life and it would be a dim prospect if it were so. Therefore it must not be expected that the natives of the country can be stamped into a mould at the will of a government.

The structure and the means for the development of our native people can be provided by governments and voluntary agencies tempered by patience and mutual understanding. The Indians can resolve themselves to accept a new way of life willingly and with a sincere desire for improvement. The combination of these factors will certainly accomplish a quick amelioration of the situation. ◆

PRINTING

Part of an 1899 almanac printed by Joseph Reader in Cree syllabics on his press at Oonikup.

THE school chapel might have been on the way had not our builder left for the buffalo-hunt." So wrote Joseph Reader in the autumn of 1874 from the Touchwood Hills (south of Quill Lakes in what is now Saskatchewan), where he had been sent by Bishop Bompas to teach and preach to the Indians of that district.

In April of the same year Joseph Reader and his bride were among the group of English clergymen brought to this country to assist in the education of the Indians of the North West Territories. Another member of the party was a young man named John Hines who was to write an entertaining book, *The Red Indians of the Plains*. After a very rough sea passage, during which the redoubtable Bishop Bompas insisted on teaching Cree to all able to maintain an upright position, they reached New York. From there the party travelled by rail to Moorhead on the Red River, and after a week aboard the S.S. *Selkirk* reached Fort Garry Landing on a rainy Sunday morning. Here the bedraggled party was installed in one of Winnipeg's barren, carpetless hotels.

They gathered in the establishment's only sitting-room, which had already been rented to a prominent businessman, a detail the proprietor had neglected to mention. There was considerable consternation when the original occupant appeared, but he graciously withdrew, leaving the Bishop and his party. In this same room they received a welcoming visit from the Bishop of Rupert's Land, who was installed in the most imposing chair, one against the wall. His Grace, finding himself at an unfriendly distance, grasped the chair by the arms and without vacating it moved in closer. When he set the chair down again the attentive audience was shocked by the Bishop's execution of a complete backward somersault! This amazing performance was due to the absence of rear chair-legs which made the piece useless without the support of the wall.

It may have been this experience, rather than the Bishop's expressed intention to toughen his recruits as quickly as possible, that prompted him to move them from such luxurious quarters into a large empty house where the tenderfeet slept on the floors and cooked their meals over an ancient wood-stove.

BY NAN SHIPLEY

PRESS AT OONIKUP

Mrs. Shipley is the author of several books with an early western background.

A week or so later Joseph Reader and his young bride travelled by ox-cart across the prairies bound for the Touchwood Hills. A note from a journal kept of the journey reported: "At Fort Ellice and Fort Qu'Appelle we were housed by the hospitable H. B. Co., Chief-Factor Archibald McDonald stationed at the former and Mr. McLean at the latter." It was a tedious 350-mile trip, fording streams, fighting flies and mosquitoes, camping in the rain and making many repairs to the old cart. One day at "10 a.m., what looked like a snowstorm turned out to be a plague of grasshoppers, and as they fell the cart ruts were a mass of moving creatures."

The couple's first home was a dreary log cabin with an earthen floor and dirty calico tacked at the windows in lieu of glass. It was a cold winter, and when old, cast-off native women came begging for "the leavings of the mistress," Mrs. Reader gave away what food and clothing she could spare. An entry in Joseph's diary at this time reads: "Bigamy is hard to discourage." He wrote after a spring trip to Winnipeg: "My dear wife was anxious for me to return as we were getting out of provisions and the people had hard times. In fact, during my absence one of my dogs was killed and eaten by the starving people. After the carts arrived [presumably with supplies] we put in a little seed, chiefly potatoes, but, alas, the grasshoppers made dreadful havoc. Our crops have suffered much from early frosts. I hear today that the crops in the Siscatchewan have met with the same fate." He used the old-time spelling of Saskatchewan.

He describes his trips to Fort Pelly to visit with the men of the newly organized North West Mounted Police. "Very bad roads. Reached the H.B.C. Fort after travelling 109 miles. Pitched tent outside the Fort. Walked 10 miles from the H.B.C. Fort to the Barracks. Kindly received. Preached to soldiers." He obviously meant the Mounted Police.

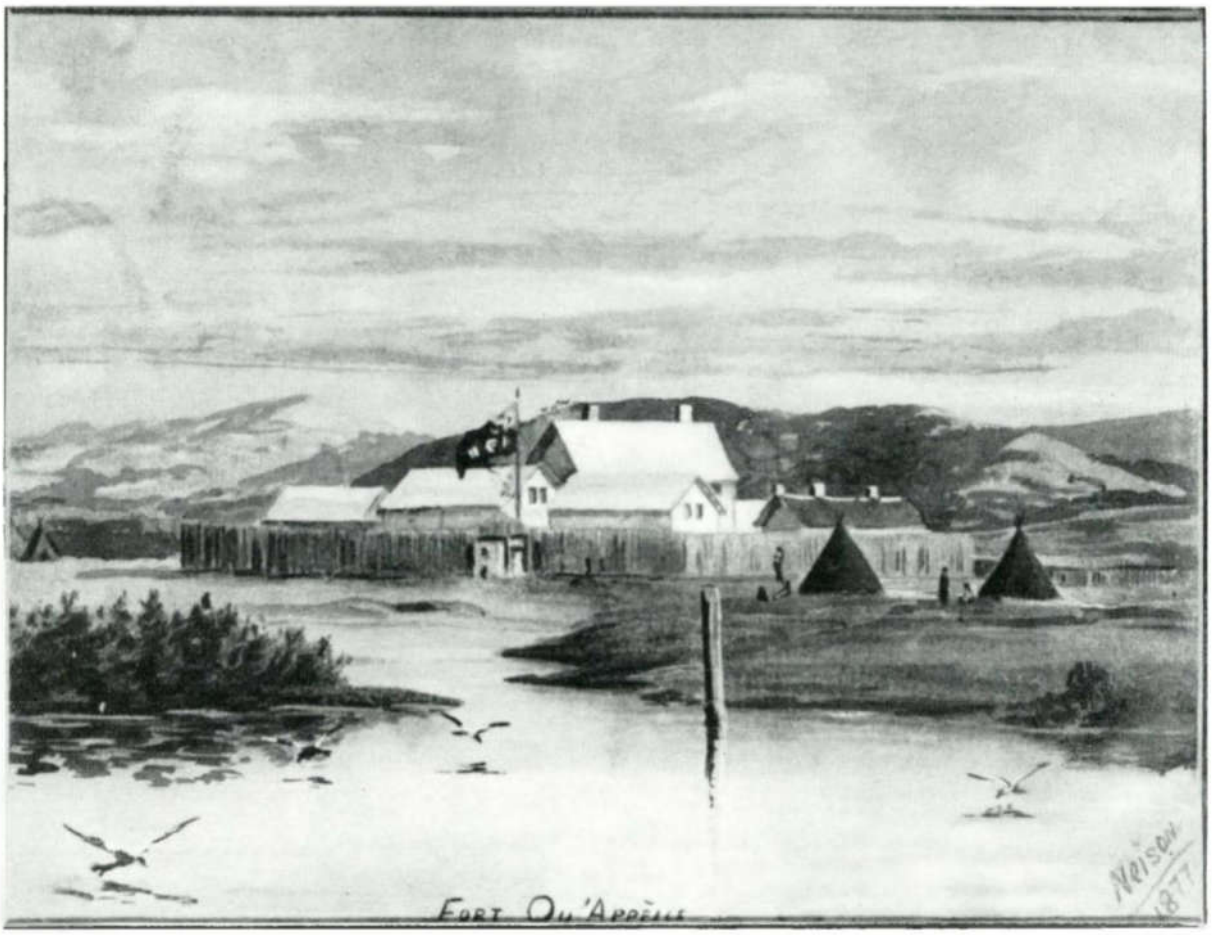
A new cabin was built in the summer of 1875 with glass windows Joseph carried fifty miles from Fort Qu'Appelle where he had witnessed the adhesion of the Cree, Assiniboine, and Saulteaux bands who had not been present at the signing of the Treaty the previous year. This parchment bears the X mark of five Indian chiefs and the names of four witnesses—Joseph Reader, A. McDonald, Charles Pratt and Pascale Breland, interpreters.

Forty years later, when a cairn was erected in 1915 to commemorate this historic occasion, Joseph Reader, the only living witness, was invited to attend and speak in both Cree and English.

The missionary has left us a vivid account of Treaty week at Fort Qu'Appelle as he and his young wife saw it, after a rugged journey, when their horses had to swim many streams because of unusually high water that year: "It was an interesting sight as we descended into the valley 250 feet below the plains. Great panorama—5,000 Indians in tents of buffalo hides well-dressed by the women—pitched in the valley. As we passed between the tents people usually came to shake hands. Many Indians had come a distance of 400 miles to receive the sum of $5.00. How that was to pay their travelling expenses I know not. Such a gathering must have cost the Government an immense sum of money. Fancy satisfying 5,000

Indian appetites for a week or ten days! Many meetings between the Police officials and the Indians. Speeches in tents; fearful Indian gambling accompanied with the beating of drums in others all night, often to the howling of the H.B.C. dogs. We had little sleep, being obliged to pitch our tent as there was no room in the fort.

The site of the mission house Joseph Reader built at Touchwood Hills he describes as having an excellent view. "In the front about 30 miles away is the Last Mountain which on a bright day in the winter presents a sight almost indescribable—having somewhat the appearance of an immense castle looming in the distance.



The H B C post of Fort Qu'Appelle in 1877, where the Readers were entertained and where Joseph went for the Indian Treaty adhesions in 1875.

"Warm welcome from Colonel and Mrs. French. He regrets Fort Pelly 109 miles away without permanent missionary—makes a long trip for me. Col. French said if someone could be found he would receive Board and Quarters. But after all this is not to be the Police capital, for orders have been given to build the Government premises at Battle River, so there will be but few men at the Barracks at Pelly."

The H.B.C. have removed their Fort to a distance of 14 miles north-east from here and we are now about half a mile from the Siscatchewan Trail from Fort Ellice."

A more general report is contained in the writing of James Trow, Chairman of Immigration and Colonization, who in 1877 passed through the Touchwood Hills. "We arrived at the English church mission under the charge of Rev. Joseph Reader. The mission buildings stand on

The Reader family in their York boat, 1887. Joseph Reader with arms akimbo, Grace by her mother, Northcote in light suit and Herbert in dark suit.

the brow of a hill fronting a beautiful little lake. The missionary has under cultivation a few acres and the vegetables and roots in the garden are excellent. . . . Rev. Reader seems perfectly content with his isolated position, shut off from society and civilization. He complains, however, that there are no regular postal privileges. The previous day he had received a letter from England bearing the date July 26, 1876. It had taken 13 months to reach its destination!"

An entry made by Joseph Reader dated January 26, 1877 reveals how quickly conditions were changing. "At last a Governor has been appointed to the North West Territories. Governor Laird together with his Council is at the Barracks this winter. . . . Had a long interview with the Governor. He is exceedingly kind to me and will be glad to assist me as he is able. The two chiefs living near here applied through me for some relief, although it is simply impossible for the Government to feed the Indians, still the Governor gave me an order to get some provisions from the HBC to distribute to those who might be sick and unable to work or in extremely destitute circumstances. At His Excellency's suggestion I made a formal application to the Minister of the Interior at Ottawa for a grant to our mission school. Half-breeds especially ask for schools."

Every winter the spectre of starvation haunted both white and Indian it seems, for a little later there is the notation: "I was obliged to kill an ox. I bought the ox last Fall for five pounds." By now the missionaries had a little son named Herbert and a baby daughter christened Grace, and it requires little imagination to picture their mother's assiduous use of the precious sewing-box and medicine-chest brought from England.

There was great anxiety the summer of 1878. "Literally thousands of Sioux have left the States and are living in this country this summer," Joseph Reader recorded. "It is well known that these Sioux are a cruel and blood-thirsty people. Sad reports reach us from time to time from the plains. For some time the HBC at Fort Qu'Appelle feared that a disturbance might arise. One day, May 14th, we were startled by a band of Sioux suddenly appearing here. There were in all 12 men. I knew not what their object and must confess was somewhat afraid. However, committing myself to God I approached them and shook hands. They followed me into the yard and I was the only man in the house. They entered and made for our little sitting room but I did not allow them to enter. There was my dear wife and children. I kept them in the kitchen and of course had to give them a good meal. It was an anxious time. Thank-

Sioux camped on the plains in the 1870s. *Public Archives*

In Winnipeg in 1887; the Rev. Joseph Reader, Mrs. Reader, Grace, Herbert and Northcote.

ful to say all proved friendly. . . . If the Sioux are allowed to live on this side of the Line where are the necessities of life for them? Even our Indians often starve here and what will it be in a year or two? What are the tens of thousands of Indians in the Plains living upon all this summer? Simply the buffalo. It is manifest to all thinking people here that at this rate this noble animal will soon be extinct. What then?"

Joseph Reader was transferred from Touchwood Hills to The Pas in the summer of 1878. The family travelled overland to Prince Albert by wagon and ox-team. The fact that there were no bridges in the country and the only ferry on the South Branch of the Saskatchewan was washed away, meant that it was necessary to swim the animals across and have the carts and wagons made into rafts, a project that took days. At Prince Albert the little family camped for a couple of weeks awaiting the arrival of the S.S. *Northcote*, the Hudson's Bay Company supply ship making its annual trip between Edmonton and Grand Rapids on the west side of Lake Winnipeg.

The Reader family went aboard the little steamboat early one Saturday in mid-July and 75 miles downstream, near Fort a la Corne, a second son was born. The captain and crew of the *Northcote* insisted that the infant be given their boat's name.

The river was running very fast and on Sunday morning they reached The Pas. The Indians were attending church when the *Northcote* rounded the bend of the Saskatchewan with whistle blowing and the Indian children shouting from shore to shore, "Steamboat! Steamboat," the church was soon emptied and the departing minister rushed aboard.

Joseph Reader and his family settled in the mission house beside the church, both buildings owing much of their excellent workmanship to men of a search party sent to find Sir John Franklin who wintered at The Pas in 1847-8. The mission stood on an island then; now the property is known as Devon Park and no longer an island but part of the downtown area.

Three years later Joseph resigned from the Church Missionary Society and was appointed Indian Agent of The Pas Agency which office he held for fourteen years, administering to the people of Birch River, Shoal Lake, Cumberland House, Moose Lake, Red Earth, Cedar Lake and Grand Rapids. His 500-mile rounds were made by dog-team and canoe, and wherever possible he gladly accepted the hospitality of the Company.

This new position required that Joseph travel to Winnipeg by York boat with Indian crewmen for the Treaty payment money, an amount of about $6,000 in one-dollar bills packed into a single leather suitcase. Later the Government made arrangements for the H B C lake steamer to hand the money to Joseph at Grand Rapids, eliminating the long and dangerous journey across Lake Winnipeg, and up the Red River to Winnipeg and back, in open boat.

When the family vacated the mission house at The Pas, Joseph set out with an Indian guide in a birch-bark canoe to search for a suitable place to establish the Indian Agency office, and found a lovely little spot the natives

The Reader house built in 1883 at Oonikup, now called Prospector. The printing shop stood in the foreground.

called Oonikup—meaning to portage—between a nameless lake and waterways leading to the trading-post at The Pas some fifteen miles away. At Oonikup Joseph built a fine two-storey house of logs and pit-sawn lumber, and in time the body of water at the front door became known as Reader's Lake.

In 1887 en route to Winnipeg to visit relatives in England, Mrs. Reader kept a diary of the journey from Oonikup by York boat. From brief simple entries we obtain a very good picture of the many discomforts and tediousness of such transportation. "Left Oonikup early Tuesday morning, June 21st, and reached The Pas in the evening. Stayed at Mr. Thompson's (H B C postmaster) two nights; arrived at Moose Lake at 6 p.m. next evening. Had a splendid sail across Cedar Lake and found the *Northwest* (a river steamer) wind-bound at Rabbit Point. Reached Grand Rapids the same evening and went on the tramway to the Fort. It rained next morning (Thursday) but at 5 p.m. we started out on Lake Winnipeg. Strong wind and rain, had to go ashore on a fine sandy beach. Tremendous roaring white breakers until the afternoon (Friday) when we made another start. Before reaching Big Point we killed a moose, in the water. All went ashore while it was dressed. Had some for supper and slept in the boat. Came to Sandy Island Saturday morning—wind-bound here till Tuesday morning. We walked about the island and found many pieces of the wreck of the *City of Winnipeg*, a river steamer. . . ." And so it went day after day for two weeks until, "toiling row next day and reached Winnipeg at dusk Saturday; slept in the boat that night."

That winter in England Joseph published a little book describing life in the northwest for his friends and family. He also negotiated with the firm of Josiah Wade, Halifax, England, to have a printing-press shipped to Oonikup. He had never given up his commission of preaching and teaching the Indians, combining this work with his other duties, and had long been aware that in order to reach the people effectively he must place in their eager hands literature in Cree. Painstakingly he copied out the Cree syllabics for which the English firm must manufacture a special font.

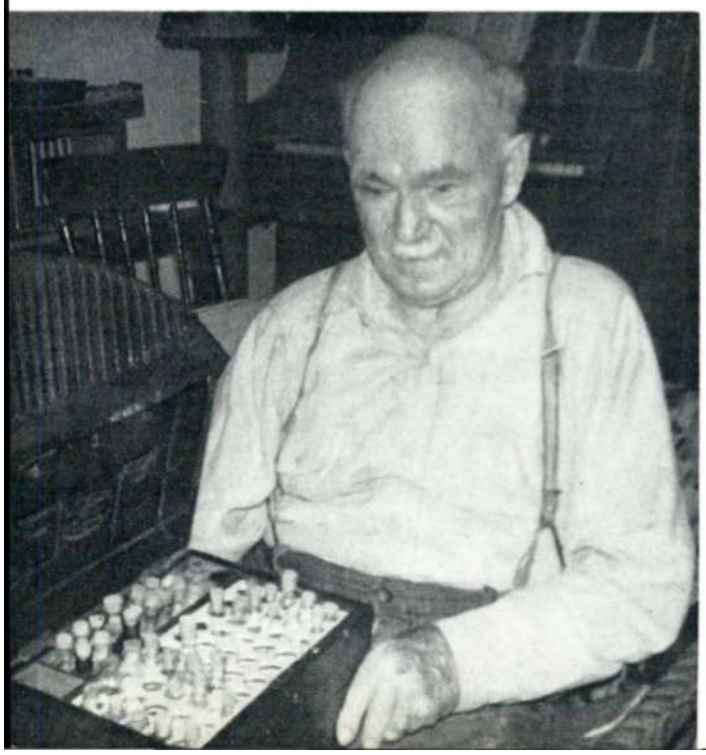
Two years later word reached Joseph Reader at Oonikup that the printing-press had arrived at Grand Rapids on Lake Winnipeg by York boat via Hudson Bay and Norway House. Young Herbert and Northcote were old enough to travel with their father and claim the prized press. There was a large assortment of boxes and crates containing a cutting-machine, stand and trays, brass rule cutter, composing sticks and various other parts, all to be freighted from Grand Rapids to Oonikup and there assembled in the log printing-shed by the house

For years father and sons spent every spare moment setting type, printing and binding booklets, almanacs, hymn books, portions of the Bible and school lessons in the Cree syllabics. These syllabics, invented forty-eight years earlier at Norway House by another missionary, James Evans, enabled the Indian to read and write in his own tongue.

One of the treasures of Victoria University Library in Toronto is a small booklet titled "Epistle To The Galatians," translated and printed by Joseph Reader at Oonikup.

Joseph Reader died in February, 1928 at the home of his daughter Grace in Enderby, B.C., and was buried beside his wife in the Punnichy cemetery, six miles from the old mission-site at Touchwood Hills where they began their life of service to the Indians in 1874.

The printing-shed was destroyed by fire years ago and the press shipped to Onion Lake, where the Rev. Mr. Matheson made excellent use of it during his lifetime. Until his death last November Northcote Reader resided at beautiful Oonikup in the sturdy log house built in 1883, handling with justifiable pride samples of literature he helped his father print before the turn of the century.



Northcote Reader, aged 80, with his mother's medicine chest, complete with pills and tinctures.

NORTHERN BOOKS

SVERDRUP'S ARCTIC ADVENTURES

Adapted from "New Land" with additional chapters by T. C. Fairley

Longmans, Green, London 30/-; Toronto $6.00. 1959. xii, 305 pages. Illus.

Reviewed by Andrew Taylor

THE turmoil which surrounded all the nineteenth century arctic activities of Sir John Ross resulted in publicity which leaves his name well known, even to the present day, in the field of northern exploration. The sheer volume of verbiage written about the missing Franklin Expedition a century ago made a household word of the name of John Franklin. The fierce and wordy battles enjoined by Peary and Cook with their numerous articulate partisans have imprinted these names deeply on half a century's pages of history. By comparison, the name of Otto Sverdrup has remained in relative obscurity, virtually unknown by the man in the street. Yet Sverdrup led an expedition into the Canadian Arctic which was more magnificently productive in pure discovery and exploration than was the Franklin Expedition, or those of any of these men. In the discovery and mapping of new coastlines, in fact, the Sverdrup expedition could well bear comparison with the accomplishments of these other expeditions combined.

Between the years 1898 and 1902, this Norwegian Expedition opened up a large sector of the most northerly islands in the Canadian Arctic (now called the Queen Elizabeth Islands). Sverdrup had no public relations department to spew out publicity such as has attended some recent polar activities. The judgment of history largely hinges upon Sverdrup's two-volume account (*New Land*, 1904), in which he recounts his successful endeavours in rolling back the map of the north polar regions. The expedition began its operations along the east coast of Ellesmere Island. He subsequently established two bases along the south coast of Ellesmere Island to extend his discoveries westwards and northwards, until he had delineated the north coast of Devon Island, and the intricate southern and western coasts of Ellesmere Island, besides discovering and mapping the coasts of Axel Heiberg, King Christian and the Ringnes Islands, to which he gave these ringing Norse names.

It is therefore, a pleasure to welcome to the literature of the Sverdrup Expedition Mr. Fairley's well written condensation of *New Land*, released earlier this year. Mr. Fairley was unaware prior to the publication of his book, that half a century previously another author had used much the same title to write a book concerning Sverdrup's friend and idol, Nansen (Bain—*Nansen's Arctic Adventure*). The choice of this word "Adventure" to describe Sverdrup's activities was perhaps unfortunate. Stefansson has proclaimed that in a well planned expedition, risks should be minimized, and consequently adventures infrequent, a view shared by many accomplished explorers. Sverdrup's operations were characterized by a smooth orderliness which could only have resulted from careful planning and meticulous attention to detail. "To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree, or die in the adventure," could have been the motto of some explorers, but Sverdrup's aims and purposefulness were more pliant. He repeatedly demonstrated this flexibility, as when impinging upon Peary's field of endeavours, he graciously retired into alternative areas through Jones Sound. It was a well planned expedition throughout, the plans constantly under review and revision with changing circumstances and improved knowledge.

Mr. Fairley has condensed Sverdrup's account to less than half its original length, and has not included, of course, the scientific reports by Schei *et al*, which form such a valuable appendage to the original account. He has, however, added a brief biography of Sverdrup, and has also provided a fairly comprehensive account of some of the geopolitical problems engendered between Canada and Norway by Sverdrup's discoveries. The text of *Sverdrup's Arctic Adventures*, not only follows the activities of the expedition, but does so without losing too much of Sverdrup's easy humorous style, by the inclusion of anecdotal material.

The author mentions that he was unable to find any account of Isachsen's discovery of the Ringnes Islands (except that in *New Land*). Isachsen's most complete account of this journey was published in *Norske Geografiske Selskab* (1903-04, pp. 129-41), under the title (translated) of "Around Ellef and Amund Ringnes Islands, Apr. 8th-June 7th, 1901."

In another small particular the author's enthusiasm has perhaps caused him to stray a little from the facts, when he attributes to the Canadian Government the commissioning of this reviewer to prepare a definitive account of the charting of the Queen Elizabeth Islands (p. 265), which resulted in the publication of *Geographical Discovery and Exploration in the Queen Elizabeth Islands*, 1955. As that publication mentions (p. 5), the original draft was written in 1950 as a University of Montreal thesis, and was published (in slightly expanded form) only after years of persuasive efforts.

Mr. Fairley's text, however, labours under the burden of a most inadequate set of maps, which could be greatly improved in several particulars. Sverdrup's charts (used to illustrate *New Land*), will not bear comparison in accuracy or clarity with modern charts, though they were at the time of publication, most informative, and, perhaps, superior to those used in most explorer's accounts. Today, with complete photographic coverage of the area of Sverdrup's activities, modern maps, produced with the aid of photogrammetric equipment, are readily available to anyone requesting them from Canadian Government agencies. The accurate detail which they depict of such complex coastlines and landforms, is a great aid in following Sverdrup's narrative, certain sections of which are obscure without them. *Sverdrup's Arctic Adventures* is illustrated by a series of typeset maps bunched together in eight pages in the middle of the book; there would appear to be no reason why they might not have been spread through the book to correspond with the text, for they are on the same type of paper. They are poor copies of the Sverdrup charts, less the helpful colouring and shading, and ignoring the accurate coastlines available from modern maps. A different title for the book might have prevented the pervasion of the cartographer with quite such a spirit of adventure.

The book, however, is graced with some excellent illustrations, making the reader wish there were more. The most useful of these are the aerial photographs, upon which the names of the principal features have been added to orient them. To some small extent, these allay some of the deficiencies of the maps.

Mr. Fairley's book is a commendable effort, and, with the exception of the maps, the production reflects much credit upon the publishers. We may hope that when subsequent editions are published, this fault will be remedied.

Geographer and consulting engineer, Dr. Taylor is the author, among many publications, of "Geographical Discovery and Exploration in the Queen Elizabeth Islands," and has written a comprehensive study of the physiography of those islands.

CANOE TRAILS THROUGH QUETICO

by Keith Denis

University of Toronto Press
Toronto, 1959. 84 pages. Drawings and map. $3.50

Reviewed by Sigurd F. Olson

THIS little book written by a veteran canoe man of the Quetico region, complete with maps including the famous "Auchagah Map" used by La Verendrye in 1731, as well as a modern one produced by the Department of Lands and Forests of Ontario, with many drawings by Selwyn Dewdney of pictograph fame, is a compilation of canoe route lore, natural history and human history, that makes it a must for anyone going into the area.

It is unusual to have a guide book written by a man who not only knows the country, its lakes, portages, and campsites but its natural and human history as well, with an habitant sense of humour and whimsey that make its reading far from prosaic. Having travelled this country with Denis in my canoe, I know from first hand experience how much this means on any expedition.

Anyone following his observations will enjoy such bits as the following:

"Dore Lake is crossed to the southwest bay where an old barge is sunk just beneath the clear waters. Chestnut sided warblers nest near by.

"Third Portage: another blueberry portage, easy to cross if you are blind to tempting fruit.

"Tanner Lake is named after John Tanner who was captured by the Indians when 11 years old and adopted into a tribe with whom he lived for thirty years.

"Curtain Falls Portage is a steep incline. One hundred and sixty years ago, Thompson noted that 'many flocks of wild Pigeons fly past.'

"Cypress Lake—the fur traders cypress is our cedar. This lake is also known as Otter Track. Glacial striae on its greenstone bear southwest, showing the direction the glaciers moved across the area.

"Lac la Croix provides good fishing . . . Jacques de Noyon on his expedition in 1688 to Rainy Lake . . . was caught in a storm with his companion La Croix. La Croix was drowned. From this sad circumstance the lake received its name."

Anyone canoeing through this area in addition to valuable information on lengths of portages and lakes, locations of creeks, rivers, and campsites, food and equipment lists and pointers on how to live in the wilderness, cannot help but enjoy the country far more through such illuminating and delightful bits of knowledge as the above.

I feel Keith Denis has done an excellent job not only in providing a sound and practical guide book but in increasing appreciation and understanding of the region itself.

Blair Fraser in the foreword says:

"For anyone who has ever travelled the canoe routes of Quetico Park, reading Keith Denis's book is an exercise in pure nostalgia. It brings back some of the happiest, healthiest days of his life, spent in what must surely be some of the finest canoe country in the world."

Naturalist, philosopher, author, Sigurd F. Olson has spent many years in the Quetico-Superior wilderness and found it the inspiration for two of his books.

QUEBEC, 1759

The Siege and the Battle

By C. P. Stacey

The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, 1959. 210 pages. Illus. maps. $5.00.

Reviewed by George F. G. Stanley

THE 200th anniversary of the siege and fall of Quebec was marked in Canada and Great Britain by the appearance of three different books upon the subject. Two of them were obviously written in order to take advantage of the public interest such an anniversary was bound to engender; but neither of these books, satisfactory as they might appear to the general reader, really added anything to the story as every Canadian schoolboy knows it—or should know it. The third book was of different stuff. It, too, was written to coincide with the anniversary of the death of Wolfe and Montcalm at the Battle of the Plains of Abraham; but it threw light upon the story in a way that neither of the others attempted to do.

To the task of writing about this, one of the most dramatic episodes of Canadian history—Horace Walpole exclaimed "What a scene! An army in the night dragging itself up a precipice by the stumps of trees to assault a town and attack an enemy strongly entrenched and double in numbers!"—Colonel C. P. Stacey has brought not only the critical apparatus of the trained historian, but also the experience of twenty years as a member of and Director of the Historical Section of the General Staff at National Defence Headquarters. He can write critically and without yielding to emotion about military events in a manner which few, if any, of his predecessors, have ever done. He has thus been able to look at the familiar story, to re-examine the old evidence, discover new materials, and to produce a book which will stand as the authoritative work for years to come. At least until a new generation of historians arises to re-write the story for a new generation of readers.

Colonel Stacey (or should we say Dr. Stacey, now that he has left the Army for the university class-room) does not belong to the school of debunking historians which flourished at an earlier period, even if some of his conclusions about Wolfe and Montcalm, may appear to some of his readers to suggest this idea. What he has done is to give a balanced, and eminently fair assessment of the military qualities of the chief participants in the Quebec drama. And if Montcalm and Wolfe appear to be lesser figures and Vaudreuil a somewhat larger one than they do in the pages of Doughty, Wood, Waugh, or Chapais, that is because the evidence points in that direction. There are, indeed, few if any Canadian historians who have studied the campaigns of the Seven Years' War in Canada who will disagree with the author's conclusions. Even more significant is the way in which he has swept away the myths which have cluttered the pages of our history books. Admittedly Professor Fregault did much in his works on Bigot and the Seven Years' War to demolish such legends as Vaudreuil's alleged countermanding of Montcalm's order placing the Guyenne regiment at the Anse au Foulon the day before Wolfe's landing, on the grounds that the English did not possess wings and could not fly: but Dr. Stacey goes further. He discovers the origin of the legend, explains how it became part of almost every English Canadian account of the battle. At the same time he brings out the extent to which French strategic thinking was, in fact, based upon the presence of the cliff along the St. Lawrence river above the town of Quebec. He even struggled up the cliff himself in order to verify the location of Wolfe's landing and to gain some appreciation of the difficulties faced by Wolfe's Highlanders on that fateful night of 12-13 September, 1759. His guiding principle in writing this book (and, one may add, of every book that he has written) he himself states, has been "to assume invariably that a contemporary document means precisely what it says, unless there is evidence to the contrary." The contemporary document is a more reliable source of historical data than an old man's memory: as the king says in Shakespeare's *King Henry V*, "Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, but he'll remember with advantages what feats he did that day. . . ."

Let it be clearly understood that this reconstruction of the events of 1759-1760 is not a dull piece of technical research. On the contrary, it is as exciting as it is interesting. Dr. Stacey, at his best, has few peers in Canada as a writer of historical prose. And this is one of his best efforts. And so, if the reader wants answers to the questions, what were the

plans, who made them, what were the crucial decisions, which was the best soldier, Wolfe, Montcalm or Vaudreuil, he will find them in this book, lucidly and beautifully expressed.

The quality of the text is matched by the format. Major Bond's maps are always an asset to any book in which they appear; the illustrations—there are fifteen of them—are interesting and nicely arranged; and the dust cover, a colour reproduction of Hervey Smyth's engraving of the landing at the Anse au Foulon is a pleasure to look at, even if it is not to be accepted as a factual statement.

Professor Stanley, who has published a number of historical books, is head of the department of history and chairman of the faculty of arts at The Royal Military College, Kingston.

SURVEYOR OF THE SEA
by Bern Anderson

University of Toronto Press, 1960.
274 pages. Illustrated. $6.75

Reviewed by C. H. Little

THIS study of the life and voyages of Captain George Vancouver, R.N., has the rare authenticity that comes from knowledge both of the subject and of the sea. Vancouver made his important contribution to the formation of the British Empire on the oceans of the world, and it is fitting that, at long last, a naval officer should take up his pen to do him justice. The author is a retired Rear-Admiral U.S.N., whose interest in Vancouver began while serving in the Pacific Northwest that Vancouver had surveyed 150 years before. How does a U.S. Admiral deal with an English Captain? In this instance with scholarly attention to detail, and with mature judgment of the factors involved. The result is our first really credible portrait of Vancouver drawn against the political and social background of his time. The author has avoided the polemics of such previous American writers as Greenhow and the over-emphasis on Cook of many British historians writing about the same period.

Vancouver knew no Spanish; apparently neither does Admiral Anderson. The only noticeable errors in this excellent book are in the spelling of Spanish names, and in the statement, or omission, of the Spanish contribution to the maritime history of the Pacific Northwest.

The bibliography is a delight to any serious student of eighteenth century maritime history, including as it does a long list of unpublished manuscript and microfilm sources. *Surveyor of the Sea* is a valuable addition to any library, but it will be of special interest to those who live on the Pacific coast of Canada and the United States. After all, they live every day in an area to which Vancouver gave some three hundred enduring names during his survey, and in which he inspired later cartographers to bestow dozens more.

Commander Little, R.C.N.(Ret.), has made a special study of 17th and 18th century marine history as it relates to North America.

ILLUSTRATED FLORA OF THE CANADIAN ARCTIC ARCHIPELAGO
By A. E. Porsild

National Museum of Canada, Bulletin 146. 209 pages. Queen's Printer, Ottawa. $2.00.

Reviewed by Askell Love

THOSE visiting the northlands for pleasure usually select the summer for their time in the lands of snow and ice. For them the land is barren and without the shelter of forests, and the ground is stony and lacking the showy flowers of the more equable climates. But even the visitor from the south becomes enthusiastic when he sees the small arctic plants break the uniformity, and these flowers are often the main reason for the impression brought back home of the Arctic as a friendly region. Nowhere else are the flowers more intensely observed by natives and visitors, nowhere is their effect stronger or their colours and scent more welcome than in the lands of the longest winters.

The inhabitants of the Canadian northlands, and also their summertime visitors, know that though their flowers are nice, they are not many. Despite this, it is usually difficult to determine the names of these few plants, and a plant or a place without a name is soon forgotten. The visitors to northern lands share with the northerners an aversion for the learned books named 'floras', because they feel these manuals use a scholarly language in such a way that the books remain closed to the layman. This is, unfortunately, true for many such floras, and so the knowledge of plants remains the privileged pleasure of a few.

This manual of arctic Canadian plants, written for the layman and specialist alike and equally useful to both, was published two years ago by the National Museum, but so far it has been too little mentioned outside the group of specialists. Nicely printed on good paper, it has simple and clear descriptions of all the higher plants known to occur in the northlands, with excellent drawings of these species by the Norwegian botanical artist Dagny Tande Lid. In addition, it is inexpensive. Its author, Dr. A. E. Porsild, is the renowned specialist on arctic plants and director of the National Herbarium in Ottawa.

To describe the manual in detail is of little interest, but it is written in such a way that even those who have never received any formal education in botany will have no difficulty in using the book and its clear keys. There are 340 species described and if the user does not feel attracted to the keys to trace his plant through family and genus to species, a reference to the pictures does not take a long time. Maps at the end of the book indicate the known distribution of all the species.

This is the first flora manual covering the arctic parts of Canada, and is at the same time a work of unusual merit. It is one of the books that ought to be available in every northern home so that adults and children alike can slowly but certainly gather a complete knowledge of the names of the wonderful arctic plants around them. The inquiring traveller should have it in his luggage. The book can also be recommended to those lovers of plants who do not intend to visit the regions of the far north, because leafing through it will give every botanist the feeling of a visit to the vast regions where these few species of flowering plants light up the wilderness and make it look friendly and inviting.

Icelandic-born Prof. Love after five years in the department of botany at the University of Manitoba is now professor of biosystematics (working in experimental taxonomy) at the University of Montreal.

FACING NORTH
by Terence Heywood and Edward Lowbury

Mitre Press, London, England.
188 pages. Illus. 18/-

ANTICIPATING another of those odysseys of the Arctic by visiting writers, one is surprised to find that the title of this book means just what it says. After all, anywhere but at the North Pole one can be facing north, and these writings range from Lapland to the Norfolk Broads to the South Pole. The second surprise is that this is a collection of poems and pictures about the North—in which Eskimos figure not at all. The theme is in fact a variety of attitudes to the North.

The poems are more satisfying than the photographs which, except for some shots of paintings and sculpture, tend for the most part to be rather dreary. On the other hand, the writing of Heywood and Lowbury is imaginative and moving, with a penetration and feeling for words that have brought both eminence in the field of poetry in England.

The first part is a collection of short poems by Heywood—many the result

of reflections inspired by Scandinavian travels. The second part is a long poem, "Trolls" by Lowbury which carries one swiftly fairywards with its rhythm. The third part is an anthology of past and present work which is spiced by the unlikely proximity of such writers as Herman Melville and Gertrude Stein, D. H. Lawrence and Walt Whitman, Wilfrid Gibson and C. E. Macintyre. There are also translations from Russian, Chinese, Lapp, Swedish, Danish, and a number of Scottish pieces (not translated).

A rewarding book.—*M.B.*

VOYAGE OF THE COLUMBIA
Around the World with John Boit, 1790-93
Edited by Dorothy O. Johansen

Beaver Books, Reed College, Portland, 1960. 92 pages. $1.95.

Reviewed by James H. Hamilton

THIS paper-back, well-printed book of 92 pages, the first of a series—"Beaver Books . . . designed for readers 10 to 14 years of age . . . for classroom use and independent reading"—deals with the narrative of a voyage of discovery and exploration from Boston to the Northwest Coast of America, China, and the Hawaiian Islands. Such an account must, of necessity, be based upon the original reports, whether official or private, of those who were themselves participants in the expedition. To present to young readers averaging 12 years of age, a readable and gripping story of John Boit, a lad of 17, during the second voyage of the *Columbia* is indeed a daring, though very desirable project.

The Editor's ability to convert a technical report into an interesting story is well demonstrated and Miss Johansen has achieved this in a narrative couched in plain terms which now and then bring the subject to life as she would wish. Occasionally, where Boit's own Journal seems to her inadequate or insufficient, she has supplemented it with extracts from the Journals of John Hoskins and Robert Haswell, Boit's shipmates. Frequently, however, she becomes entangled in a multitude of lengthy quotations from the Log Books which serve no useful purpose, but instead, blur the figure of her hero, and detract generally from the original purpose of the book.

How much better would it have been had Miss Johansen done as Roderick Haig-Brown has done in his *Captain of the Discovery*, in which George Vancouver, as the central figure in an arresting narrative, stands out in bold relief against the other characters in the story, without benefit of direct quotations from the original accounts.

To illustrate the futility of long and dreary excerpts from technical Log Books, the reader is referred to page 73 of *Voyage of the Columbia* as an outstanding example of what is best left out of a book of this description. Part of this reads as follows:

"February 14 (1793) N. Lat. 15°2′; W. Long. 246°14′; E. Long. 113°25′. Took the wind at NE. February 18. N.Lat. 9°44′; W.Long. 250°48′; E.Long. 109°12′. At midnight saw a small island bearing SWbS, 1 league, and soon after saw Pulo Sapata, bearing SbE, 2 leagues to the northward. At 6 A.M. bore off and made sail. With wind ENE, could not weather Pulo Sapata. Passed two miles to the westward of it. When the isle bore East, a large white rock or isle bore NNW, 6 or 7 leagues distant. . . ."

This is only one quotation of many such.

Miss Dana Small's 8-page appendix entitled: *Remarks on the Art of Navigation* is an endeavour to provide in simple terms the basic principles of ship-direction. The reviewer feels that this subject, based on geodetical mathematics and its complications, is above the heads of junior students, and for that reason does not add, either to the pleasure, or to the usefulness of the book.

Mr. Hamilton, founder and for 26 years editor of "Harbour and Shipping" of Vancouver, is the author of two books on Pacific marine history.

ADVENTURES IN NATURE
by Edwin Way Teale

Dodd Mead & Co., New York 1959. 304 pages. $4.50.

IT is always a delight to a nature-lover to read one of Teale's books. He writes well about many diverse aspects of nature, from the complexities of insect behaviour to the simplicity of the death of a tree and he finds subjects of interest for the observant everywhere in the course of his lengthy travels.

Only on examination did one find, with some disappointment, that this book consists of chapters from previously published books. Some, it is true, are out of print and this sampling will give readers new to Teale a taste of his fascinating presentation of nature lore, but to this reader it would seem better to reprint the books in their entirety. Another disappointment is the complete absence of Teale's admirable photographs—which is not to belittle the drawings of Walter W. Ferguson, for they are good. A satisfactory book as an introduction to Teale, but let us hope the next step is not a digest form.—*M.B.*

ANTARCTIC ADVENTURE
by Sir Vivian Fuchs

Cassell, London, 12/6; British Book Service (Canada) Ltd. $3.00. 1959. 190 pages. Illus.

SOON after the successful conclusion of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition in 1958, Fuchs and Hillary published *The Crossing of Antarctica*. The present volume is a shortened and simplified version by Fuchs, dedicated to the young people of the British Commonwealth of Nations, many thousands of whom gave practical as well as enthusiastic support to the expedition. This book should be widely read, with pride and enjoyment.

It was a thrilling enterprise, mingling Antarctic adventure and science. That the mission was successful and there were no casualties sums it up. It is hardly fair to expect Sir Vivian Fuchs to write the story. As a Briton and as the leader of the expedition he could not glorify it. Surely there is a medium between the overdone heroics with which we are all too familiar and the understatement of a modest and efficient leader which could present this as the gripping and exciting story that it is.

This book reproduces 15 of the magnificent colour photographs used in the earlier volume and numerous drawings by Stuart Tresilian give some of the dramatic impact that is inadequate in the text.—*John Felton.*

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THE PACKET

The Little Emperor

This year marks the centenary of the death at Hudson's Bay House in Lachine, just outside Montreal, on 7 September 1860 of the man whose drive, efficiency, and ambition were so vital to the H B C during the forty years after its union with the North West Company. George Simpson, knighted in 1841, nick-named the Little Emperor, was outstanding in a Company which throughout its history was served by men of exceptional qualities. Simpson was not always liked; his ruthless way with inefficiency, his preoccupation with economy in Company affairs, his autocratic ways would ensure that. But his clear mind, his gift for organization, his abundant vitality commanded respect and his courage and his phenomenal transcontinental journeys won him admiration and loyalty.

One seldom hears of Sir George relaxing or unbending, and official documents are not a fruitful source of sidelights on human nature. It was refreshing therefore to come across this incident in the diary of Colonel John ffoliott Crofton who came to Rupert's Land in command of the 6th Regiment of Foot, Royal Warwickshires in 1846. Having landed at York Factory on the Bay, he was travelling from there to Fort Garry with Simpson (who was then about 60 years old) at the time he wrote:

"Coming from Fort York in a canoe was bad, but sleeping on the wet ground was far worse. Old Sir G. Simpson fared no better than I did, and we neither of us complained.

"One night when wet and cold, he turned to me and said, humourously enough, 'I wish to heaven you'd say "this is dreadful horrid work"—for I want to grumble, but not to be the first to do so.' I would not grumble, and only said 'Never mind, I have been worse off on an outpost before now, and with the chance of a bullet finding out my Billet.'

"Sir G. Simpson is the best traveller I ever fell in with, the very hardiest man I know. On service I can endure any hardship, cheerfully, but I believe he is a glutton in that way, and prefers hardship to ease at any time. I do not."

Hardship never slowed up Simpson's travels, as Dr. Nute makes clear in her article. A detailed record kept by Chief Factor Archibald McDonald who travelled with him in 1828 bears witness to their speed. This was a canoe journey from York Factory, by Lake Athabasca, across the Peace River pass, and through New Caledonia (British Columbia) to Fort Langley at the mouth of the Fraser. There were portages, some stretches on foot, and some on horseback and the travelling time for the journey of 3,261 miles was 65 days, an average of nearly 50 miles a day. The passengers were usually carried from the large canoes to the shore and it was in the Peace River region that McDonald drily records: "Encamped at Bernard 's River—named after our guide in consequence of his falling in the river with the Governor this evening." The Governor's remarks are not recorded but one can imagine another "great state of mind."

He painted Fort Qu'Appelle

An amusing story connected with the picture reproduced on page 50 is recounted by Junior Chief Trader Isaac Cowie who went to Fort Qu'Appelle as an apprentice clerk in 1867 and served the Hudson's Bay Company for twenty-four years. In 1877, he said, Mr. Archibald McDonald of Fort Ellice requested George Mowat of the Hudson's Bay store at White Mud River to send up a man to paint the fort, which was being renovated. Mr. Mowat engaged on the spot a remittance man named Neison who had the local reputation of being a painter. On his arrival at Fort Ellice it was discovered that he knew nothing of the trade of a house painter but was an artist in water-colours. So Mr. Neison painted Fort Ellice and Fort Qu'Appelle—but on paper in water-colour.

The building shown in the right corner of the enclosure in Neison's picture, part of the men's dwellings, is one of the rare ones that had a thatched roof.

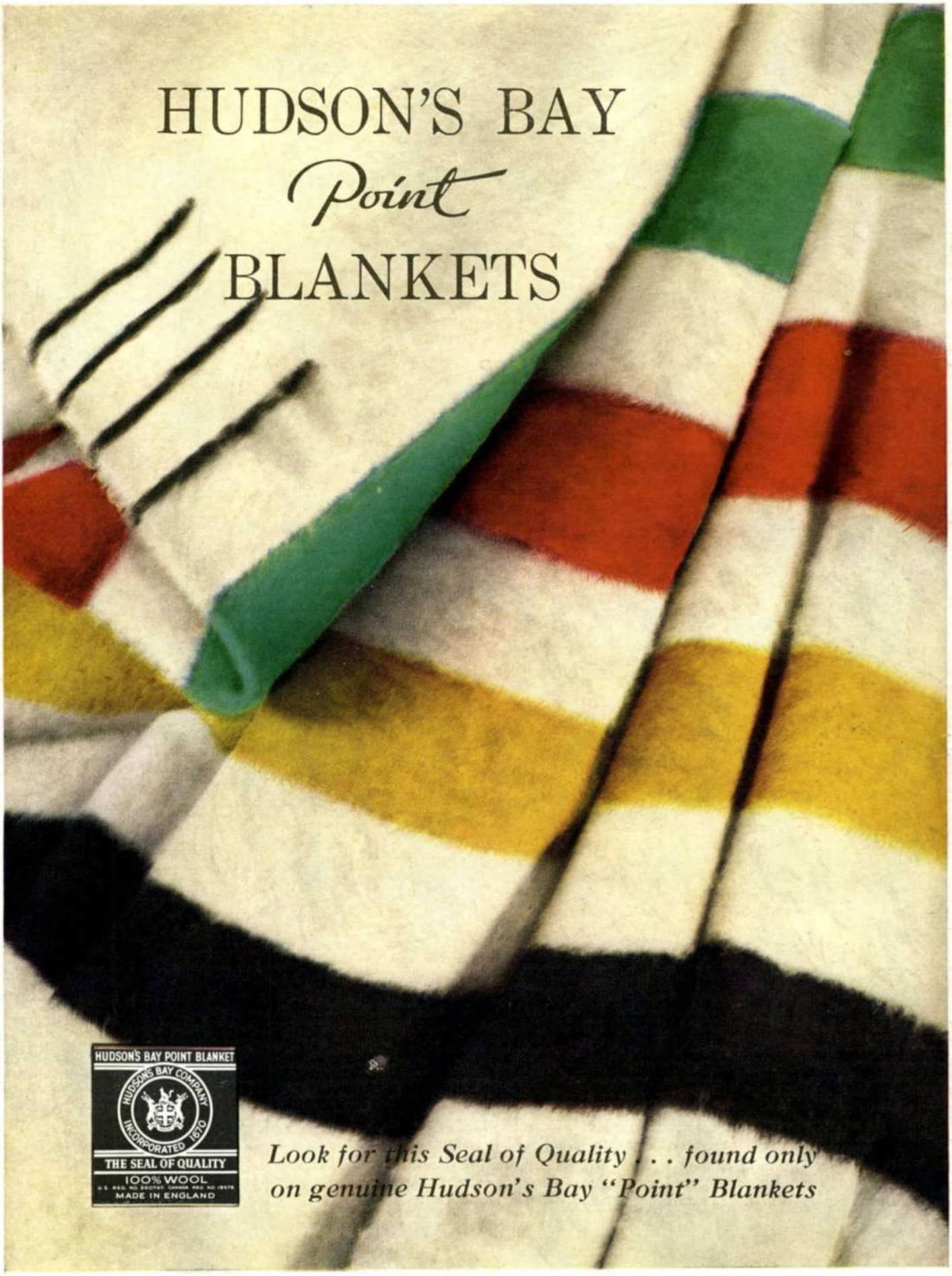
Sah-neu-ti: one man or two?

The Kutchin chief about whom Ethel Stewart wrote in the winter *Beaver* is well known in story and it is agreed that he was a great leader and hunter who had many wives. Dr. Elizabeth Cass of the Indian Health Services says that as she heard the story at Old Crow, Saveeah and Sah-neu-ti (or Sha-Neutee) were brothers, not the same man. Peter Moses, former chief at Old Crow, had as a child seen Sah-neu-ti, whom he said was his great-great-uncle. He showed her two photos, saying one was Sah-neu-ti and one Sha-Vee (Saveeah). When Dr. Douglas Leechman was in Old Crow in 1946 for the National Museum he reported Chief Peter Moses telling him that Sah-neu-ti (Sha-ni-uti) was his mother's father. The Kutchin story of Sah-neu-ti's death is picturesque: one day he fell sick and told his people he would die that evening. A rainbow appeared arching from him to the bluff of a cliff, and there the Indians placed his wooden coffin and there, they told Dr. Cass, it remains to this day, above Circle City in the Yukon Territory.

TSIMSHIAN

In the middle of last century the Tsimshian were a proud and prosperous people. On the Skeena and Nass rivers of the Pacific Coast they lived in huge cedar houses, had slaves to work for them, and were noted for their skill in painting and carving.

Usually wearing little or no clothing, on ceremonial occasions the aristocratic chief would be resplendent in Chilkat blanket woven from mountain goat wool and carved head-dress inlaid with abalone shell, tipped with sea-lion bristles, and fringed with ermine.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